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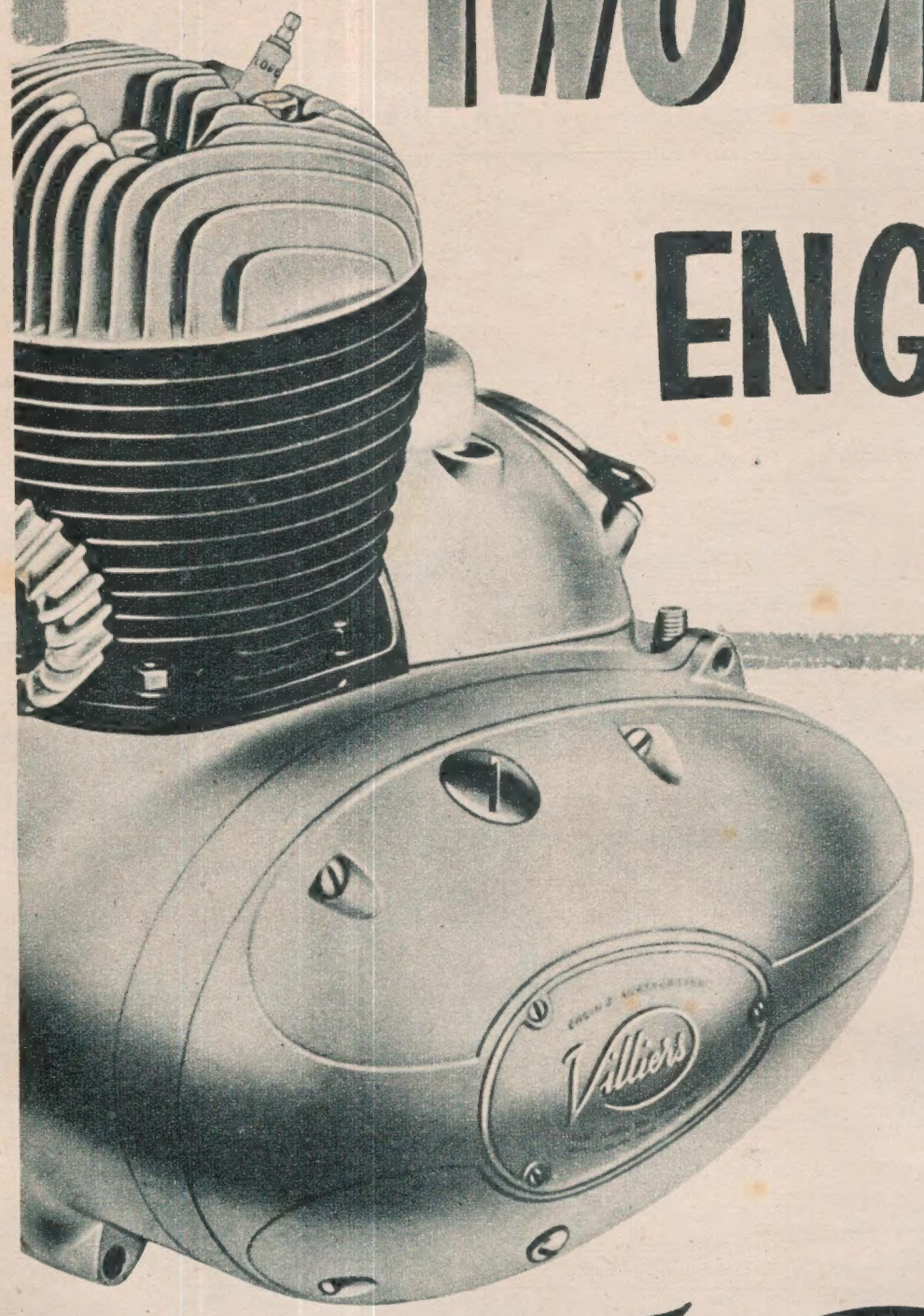

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TEMPLE BAR 2468 NOVEMBER 10, 1956 VOLUME 100 NUMBER 2628

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YOUR GUIDE TO WINTER VIEWING 29-36

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

William Plomer mixes travel with his forceful writing

THE first poet to contribute to a new JOHN BULL feature (page 48), in which we intend to present every week a hitherto unpublished poem of merit, is William Plomer, a forceful, original writer—and a versatile one. Apart from poetry and fiction he has written biography and autobiography, is a respected critic and book editor and a widely known broadcaster. He was also the librettist for Benjamin Britten's opera, *Gloriana*, specially written for the Coronation in 1953.

Behind Plomer's shrewd, fastidious, bank-manager look there lies the adventurous spirit of a world traveller. He started his travels when he came to Britain from South Africa to attend school at Rugby. His life as a writer began in his twenties, after he had first been a farmer in Cape Province and then a trader in Zululand.

Since then he has mixed writing with travelling. Although he has lived for most of the past thirty years in Britain—his home is at Rustington, a village on the Sussex coast—he has spent two years in Japan, visited Siberia and toured Europe. During the last war he served as a civilian on the Naval Staff at the Admiralty.

Plomer, who is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, has acted as adviser to a leading London publisher for many years. He has written five novels, many short stories, two biographies and five books of poems. Recently he visited South Africa, and expects that this will lead to more prose. Through his writings there runs the human, philosophic outlook of civilized man. It is summed up in his autobiography, *Double Lives*, where he writes: "Far more important than 'war, trade, and empires' are 'unworldiness, lucidity, and love.'"

DANA BURNET remembers a great-aunt telling him about a family ancestor who won back a wavering wife by giving her a gold bauble. "The story or the aunt—I can't remember which—had an air of great antiquity," he says. "So when I came to write *The Second Year of Marriage* (page 16) I made that remote ancestor a Crusader."

Born in 1888, Dana Burnet was named after his grandfather, who owned a group of coalmines. Burnet was expected to follow him into the family business, but decided to be a writer instead. After seven years of newspaper work he began selling fiction to magazines—and has maintained the habit fairly consistently ever since.

Burnet admits that his main reason for writing this week's story was that he needed the money to buy his wife a Christmas gift. "She is the second one I've had, and most definitely worth keeping. . . . I bought her a dress of gold."

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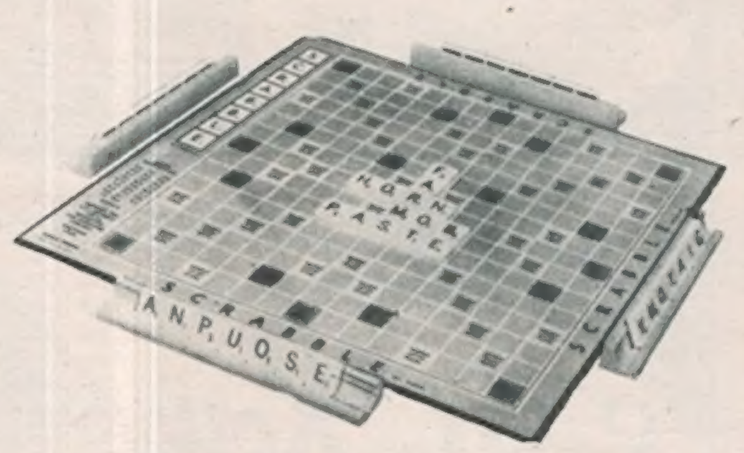

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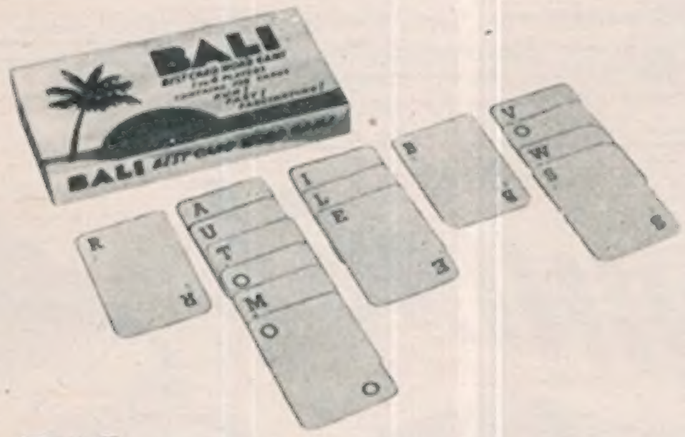
BALI



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Free Speech

- **Home is the most dangerous place**
- **Escape plans which never came off**
- **Blind eye for the party struggle**

AFTER working for nearly twenty-five years with a company which was justifiably proud of its safety precautions and low accident rate, I returned home and began helping my wife with her housekeeping duties.

I was astounded by the number of accident hazards which confront the housewife. In spite of my factory training, I soon found myself running into a series of burns, scalds, cuts and bruises, which could have been serious.

It seems to me that the average home is as much open to accidents as the factory, for most of the equipment is far from foolproof.—ALLAN ELLIS, Wolverhampton, Staffs.

Every day, an average of two people die from accidents in factories, fourteen on the roads and twenty-four in and around the home. Every year, home accidents send between sixty and seventy thousand people into hospital, with up to two million receiving treatment as out-patients.

Key Question

Why do a lot of hotels insist on room keys being hung on a board when the occupier goes out? It is irksome, but dangerous, too, especially when an hotel is open to non-residents for meals and drinks. Presumably all hotel staffs have master keys. Surely it is simpler, and safer for guests to retain their room keys until the end of their visit. —P. SHERWOOD, Warrington, Lancs.

"If guests did not hand in their keys," says an hotelier, "most of them would leave them in their doors, which would make it easy for the would-be intruder."

Lunar Hint

One evening recently, the moon provided a wonderful spectacle. It was surrounded by a pink circle with an outer ring of blue. The next day was exceptionally wet. Could these two phenomena have any connection, I wonder?—MRS. I. HORSFALL, Oldham, Lancs.

The Meteorological Office says: "This would be a lunar halo, which is caused by the moon shining through ice crystals in cirro-stratus cloud—the sort of cloud which may mean that rain is coming."

Von Werra Relics?

Your story, *The One That Got Away*, has set me wondering.

Recently I spent a conference week at The Hayes, Swanwick — von Werra's one-time prison camp—and in my room I noticed a small length of floorboard without any nail heads showing. This looked suspicious. It was easily prised up with a coin, and in the cavity I found a long roll of drawing paper, about three feet wide. It was an exceptionally well-detailed strip map showing the route from Swanwick to the upper reaches of the Severn. Probably the prisoner aimed to get on a ship at Avonmouth.

There was also a pair of khaki woollen gloves and an old watch case containing a home-made compass. —H. C. ANDERSON, Wakefield.

. . . Last week, my wife, who works at Swanwick Hayes Conference Centre, the former prisoner-of-war camp, was erecting beds in the rooms when one of the bed legs went through the floor. My wife, thinking of dry rot, sent for the manager and a cavity was found containing something like a clock which may have been a compass, several files, empty tins—which may have been used for tunnelling, pieces of wood which could have been used for shoring up a tunnel roof and sides, and some papers. One newspaper was dated 1941. I wonder how many of these hidey-holes remain undiscovered, not only in Britain but all over the world.—R. LOWE, Swanwick, Derby.

Prizeless Winners

While watching the Harringay show jumping on television, I was interested to hear the commentator say that most of the competitors were amateurs; yet the prizes for the winners were in cash.

I always thought that accepting cash as a prize infringed the rules governing amateur status. — A. JEFFERS, Glasgow, E.2.

The interpretation of amateur status varies from sport to sport. But the British Horse Society says: "In show jumping, the prize money is awarded to the owner of the horse, not the rider. An amateur rider can thus win a competition, yet retain amateur status."

Clean Air Cost

I work for a one-man firm in a one-room office in an area scheduled as a smokeless zone. The principle is, of course, very laudable, but I don't think local authorities realize, or care, how hard this comes on the pocket of the small man.

There is a big grate in my office, but now only smokeless fuel at exorbitant cost can be used in it. The alternative would be to have the office wired to take an electric fire, but to use that all day would be more costly still.—N. R., Wythenshawe, Manchester, 23.

Why Pretend?

The official attitude of pretending that party politics don't exist ("Free Speech," October 13) is just silly. Local council members sit in groups according to their party affiliations, with the majority group controlling and the minority opposing. Committees are constituted according to party strengths. Council meetings, open to press and public, are miniature Westminsters in the fury and fire of political debate.

Yet staid town clerks pretend to be unaware of this struggle—a pretence typical of British hypocrisy. For good or ill, party politics are as firmly entrenched in the town hall as they are in the House of Commons.

It is time officialdom recognized the fact and made it easier for the bewildered voter—who almost always votes for a party—to identify the candidate on ballot papers.—MRS. J. R. P., Rochester, Kent.

Unwanted Gifts

What else but neglect and maltreatment of pets ("Free Speech," October 20) can result when they are distributed willy-nilly?

In a local competition recently a budgerigar was won by a lady who

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Everybody loves a Kosset *carpet!*

No wonder! The minute you walk on them you get that lovely pampered feeling. Thick and cushy. Soft and silent. They'd put anybody in a purring, luxuriously relaxed mood.

But expensive? No! That's the wonderful thing about Kosset carpets. They're real carpets but they're made in a revolutionary new way on new specially designed machines.

Practical? Very! Kosset carpets are *extra* tough and hardwearing. They're made from a special carpet yarn that can take any amount of family rough and tumble. It's mothproof, too, and cleaning is very simple

Laying? They're so lovely that it's well worth having them laid professionally, but if you do decide to lay them yourself you'll find them far easier than ordinary carpets, because they are latex-backed and even when you cut them they won't fray.

The colours are beautiful, especially beautiful, because the special yarn takes dyes so well. You can buy Kosset carpets seamless up to 15 feet wide.

You can choose your Kosset carpet from two grades: Super deep cut pile at 55/- a square yard ; or Service short loop pile at 33/- a square yard. And don't forget when you're reckoning up the cost, that the prices given are for *square* yards, not the usual 27" (though of course you can get 27" Kosset carpets for halls and stairs). If you remember this it makes the price even more amazing.

You can think of carpeting your whole house. You can consider changing your carpets from time to time. You can set up house with very little furniture and still feel rich and cosy, because everybody settles down and basks contentedly on Kosset carpets—the new low-cost luxury.

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Welgar Shredded Wheat is nature's 100% whole wheat in its finest form. It's good to eat and it's good for you.
WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

immediately handed it to one of a group of children standing nearby. Whether the child or its parents had the slightest wish for the bird was not considered for a moment.—WILLIAM CORAH, Coalville, Leics.

Friendship Awheel

I rode a motor-cycle until a few weeks ago, when I bought a second-hand car. There is a great sense of camaraderie among motor-cyclists; I remember once walking along pushing my machine and in the space of ten minutes no fewer than seven motor-cyclists stopped and asked me if I wanted help.

Last week my car broke down. Not a single motorist offered me help, and I was stuck miles from anywhere for an hour and a half, until a policeman came by.—W. R. T., Watford, Herts.

Another Export

While with the army on manoeuvres in Holland recently, I was stationed near a small village called Well, and the Dutch children would come to see us in the evenings. Once I saw them

pick up some horse chestnuts, but they didn't seem to know what to do about them. So I taught the children how to play "conkers"—a game they apparently hadn't heard about. —SIGNALMAN M. JONES, B.A.O.R. 22.

Olympic Hope

"What Can We Win At The Olympics?" (JOHN BULL, October 13) was quite in keeping with the press's general attitude towards athletics. "How many gold medals?" is usually the principal topic in an Olympic year, but I think a better incentive for our athletes would be a little more interest shown between times. — H. WILSON, Ackworth, Pontefract, Yorks.

Getting Round It

At a social I attended recently, prizes won in the raffle were being presented to the winners when they were told by the M.C. to "Give in your pennies, please, to legalize the raffle." Would it be made legal in this way?—MRS. D. POWELL, Kirk Street, Kincardine-on-Forth.

"A court would be more interested in the facts and the intention of the parties concerned rather than attempts to suggest that the prizes were being sold," says a lawyer. "But if the raffle is confined to members of a club, it is legal anyway."

Licence Limit

Road casualties are a source of continual anxiety, but one point may have been overlooked by the authorities in considering measures to cut down accidents. I think it would be better to limit the length of time during which motor-cyclists may hold "L" licences. Some holders seem to renew them again and again and never attempt to pass the test.—D. G. SPENCER, Stevenage, Herts.

Under the Road Traffic Act, 1956, licensing authorities will be empowered to refuse a third provisional licence unless the applicant has taken a driving test during the period of the second licence, or unless he can give a valid reason for not having done so. In either case, before applying for his third provisional licence, the applicant must have applied for a test to be taken within six months of the date his third licence will start from.

Always Spring

In the spring, I picked some willow catkins—the furry type. Since then they have survived the German central heating, seasons have come and gone, but they remain as if it were eternally spring, with the bloom still upon them. It seems that my catkins have the elixir of life, or that life has just stood still for them.—MISS E. F. WHITEFIELD, N.A.A.F.I., Dusseldorf, British Forces Post Office 34.

"Catkins are either male, which shed themselves, or female, which develop into fruit," says a botanist. "In this case, they are probably female which have not been pollinated."

No Counter Check

While in hospital, a friend had his sick pay draft stolen from his house, and cashed. But why is it that the Post Office doesn't ask for some evidence of identification when making cash payments? Anyone finding a postal order which is uncrossed, a sick pay draft or even a War Pension book—on which no specimen signature is required—can obtain cash without any identification being sought.—A. DAWSON, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

"It wouldn't just be a matter of everyone having some form of identification," says the G.P.O. "There would be a considerable slowing down at post office counters. For example, nearly fifty million postal drafts and twenty-three million money orders and many postal orders are cashed each year."

Thick Skinned

I often wonder what sausage manufacturers are using for sausage skins nowadays. I had some sausages recently and the skins couldn't have been tougher if they had been made with cycle inner tubes.—W. MILLSON, Hampstead, London, N.W.5.

"Synthetic and natural casings are used, but even the thicknesses of the latter vary between animals," says an expert. "It was to get over the difficulty of casings that the skinless sausage was designed."

Classmates' Reunion

My German friend, on reaching her fiftieth year, has received an invitation from her old schoolmates to attend a reunion. She tells me the custom is universal in Germany. Old pupils still living in the village begin making the arrangements, and all those who will be fifty some time during the year are invited.

The proceedings start at about ten o'clock in the morning with a church service, and then everybody visits the local café for refreshments and to renew old acquaintances. The whole day is given up to dining, wining and talking. In the evening there is dancing, and the party continues into the early hours of next morning.

The second reunion will take place in ten years' time.—MRS. IVY ROSS, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

Mark Of Honesty

In the front garden of a house in Kentish Town Road, Camden Town, London, there is a monumental-looking piece of coal. I am told that it weighs about four and a half tons and was the largest single piece taken from a Yorkshire colliery.

Although easily accessible to passers-by, the coal has been there for well over seventy years and, despite the various fuel crises, does not appear to have been interfered with. It stands, a tribute to the

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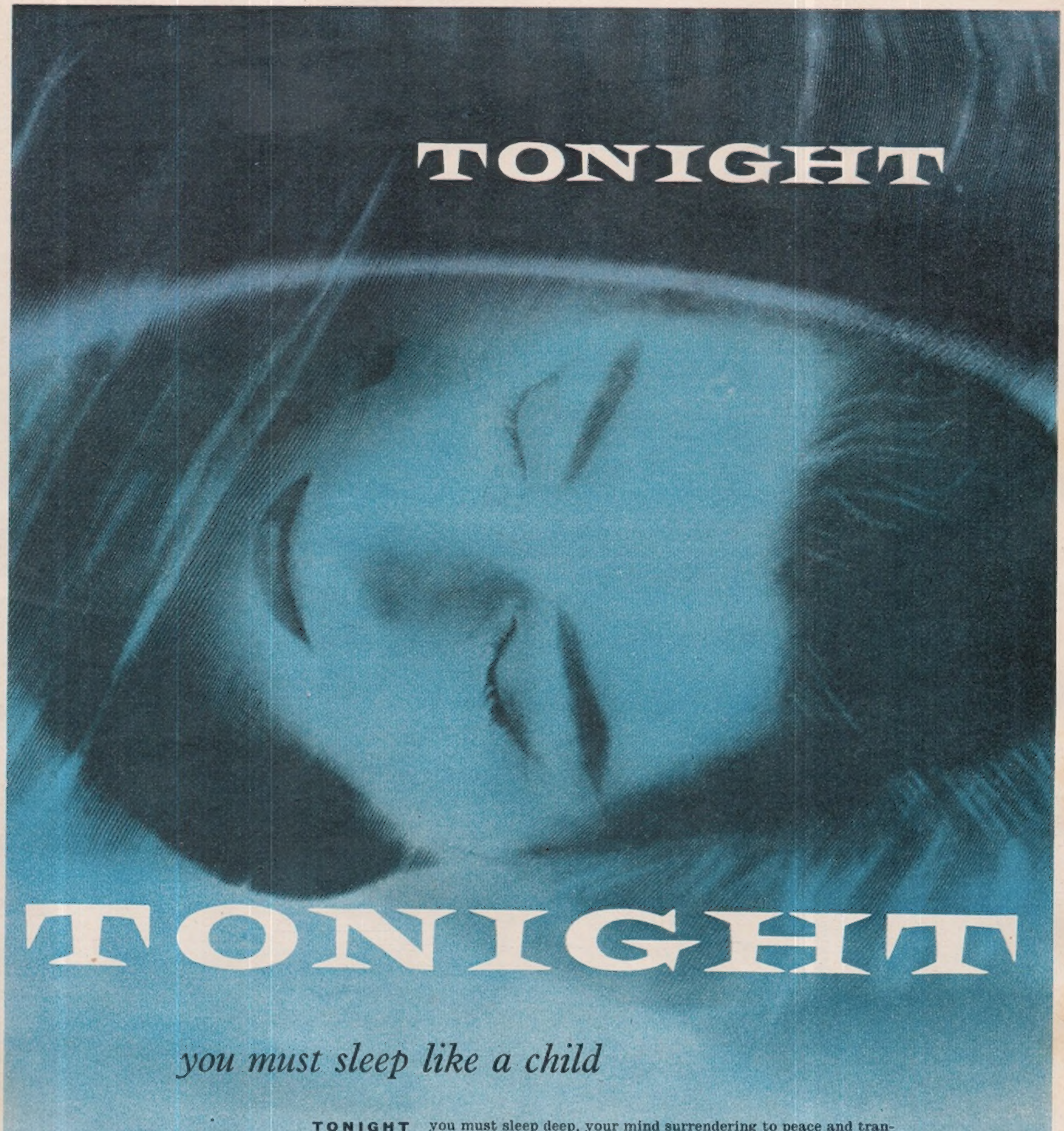

you must sleep like a child

TONIGHT you must sleep deep, your mind surrendering to peace and tranquillity as your body rests. Tonight, Horlicks for you.

TONIGHT you must sleep warm. Cold sleep is uneasy sleep. Warm sleep restores and comforts. Tonight, Horlicks for you.

TONIGHT you must sleep like a child. Children know the secret of easy rest and you can find it again. Tonight, Horlicks for you.

TONIGHT you must sleep unaware of the night sounds that disturb shallow sleep. You'll wake revived when others are dozing and listless. For shallow sleep saps strength, but deep sleep feeds energy. Tonight, Horlicks for you.

TONIGHT HORLICKS FOR YOU

News!

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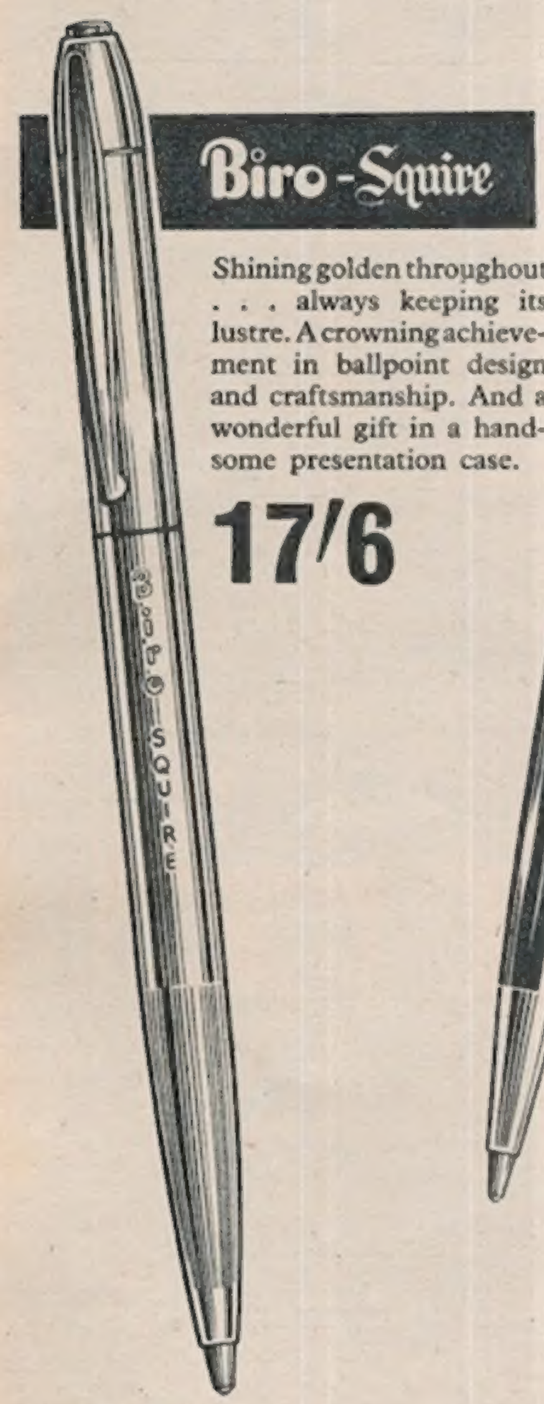

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

honesty and integrity of the Londoner. — N. T. G. FIELDING, Wembley, Middlesex.

Out Of Character

On my way to work across the fields one morning, I passed a large patch of long grass near a hedge when suddenly out came a weasel, to my amazement being followed a few yards behind by a rabbit. They disappeared through the hedge twice. When they came out the third time I discovered the reason for this strange phenomenon. The weasel had a pinkish object in its mouth—a tiny new-born rabbit. — M. McGUIRK, Paignton, Devon.

"This is certainly unusual," says a naturalist. "But any animal will go to this length in order to try to protect its young."

Victim's Plea

Some weeks ago, my wallet, which contained £18, was stolen. The thief was caught, pleaded guilty and was sent to prison. This doubtless satisfied the law, but it didn't satisfy me. I am still £18 out of pocket, for the court was told that the money was not recovered.

Surely offenders against the law should be made to make recompense where possible, if necessary working for and repaying the money after their prison sentences are completed. Of course I want to see justice done—but to me, the victim, as well—B. P., Warwickshire.

"It is possible for the victim of a theft to recover his money," says a lawyer. "He can issue a summons against the offender and gain repayment through a county court order."

A Bit Thick

Each year my wife and I take our car abroad for our holiday. Among the documents we are issued with are an International Certificate for Motor Vehicles, which contains thirty-two pages, and two International Driving Permits, each of which contains thirty-four pages.

These are valid for only a year, and like thousands of tourists we use them only once in that year. It would save a great deal of time and trouble all round if we could renew the old documents instead of having to have new ones supplied. It would also save us having to dig up photographs for the driving permits each time. — RONALD CLARKE, Norman Avenue, Wood Green, London, N.22.

"These documents have to be replaced on renewal of permit, under international law," says the A.A. "But the photograph on the old permit can be submitted when application is made for a new one."

Family On The Screen

What a source of joy a magic lantern is—even in these modern times! Forty years or so ago, when we were children, we used to spend many cheerful evenings watching the slides.

Now the lantern has been passed on in the family, but we still find that mothers and fathers like to watch it, as a change from television. Of special interest are the family slides which are made from favourite snaps taken years ago.—MRS. J. BOYDEN, Aviemore Way, Beckenham, Kent.

Residents Only

A few months ago my wife died, leaving me with a young son to look after. Because I have my own house and I am out at work all day, I have to employ a part-time housekeeper who comes in to help for three full days a week.

But I have to pay income tax as a single man, and although I receive an allowance for my son I get no relief in respect of my housekeeper. Surely a man in my position should be entitled to some concession.—G. M,. Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

"No allowance is made for a housekeeper," says the Inland Revenue, "unless she is resident at the house where she is employed. In which case her employer would receive an allowance of £60 a year."

Always Fresh

Like many other things, the idea of wrapped bread, which was first conceived as a boon, is now becoming a bore. The proudly displayed legend, "Keeps fresh for days," is all too frequently interpreted by the shopkeeper as, "Keeps fresh indefinitely."

All wrapped bread should be date-stamped; otherwise the customer is in the position of buying a pig in a poke.—MRS. E. SANDERS, Harefield, Middlesex.

Night Nerves

I recently passed my driving test, earning a comment from the examiner that he thought I was a very safe driver. This may be, but I am still a little uncertain of myself when driving after dark, when distances can be wrongly estimated and accidents are more likely.

In my test I was asked a couple of questions about lights and parking at night, but there was no practical test for night driving. Isn't it time there was? After all, night driving isn't

such a rarity—in fact, for me it is a necessity two or three times a week.—W. P., Gravesend, Kent.

"Night driving tests as well would be impracticable," says the Ministry of Transport. "Neither the sight testing nor manoeuvres could be carried out at night, and night-driving tests would entail doubling our examining staff and the number of people waiting for tests."

For The Defence

The "not proven" verdict of Scots law ("Free Speech," September 29) is a safeguard against an innocent man being found guilty. If the jury have to pass over both "not guilty" and "not proven" verdicts and are forced to consider a "guilty" one, then there isn't much doubt about the man's guilt.

The majority verdict doesn't mean that one man decides in Scotland, any more than in England. What happens in England is that when there is a majority (with perhaps one man swinging the balance), the others change their views to bring in a unanimous verdict, thus acting contrary to their duty. Or else one man holds out against the rest and the poor accused has the ordeal of another trial. The Scots majority verdict is much more honest and logical. —MRS. J. T., Sutherland.

New Lives Here, Too

When I was in Australia in 1952, I heard the expression "two-way traffic" used in reference to migration, but "New Lives Down Under" (JOHN BULL, October 20) mentions only emigration from Britain.

It was said in Australia that while emigrant ships from Britain brought intending settlers to Australia, little mention was made of the hundreds who leave Australia to settle in Britain. I would say to intending migrants: by all means go abroad if you feel the call of adventure, but

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

Mr. G *picked his cold up at home. He was recovering from a broken rib—and that meant his body had to work double-time getting him well again, with no reserves in case infection came his way. So when his daughter brought home a cold-bug from school, it found Mr. G an easy target!*

Where did your cold come from?

You can blame viruses for your cold—germs which attack the epithelial tissues which line your nose and throat. But you must take some of the blame yourself, for if you keep these tissues in good health, germs find it harder to get in and do damage.

To keep their protective powers, your epithelial tissues need constant supplies of Vitamin A. And you need Vitamin D to maintain your general health and thereby your resistance to infection. If either of these is lacking, you're at the mercy of every cold germ that comes your way.

That's why Crookes Capsules—rich in both Vitamins A and D—are a double line of defence against colds and winter infections. A single capsule gives you all the Vitamins A and D you need for a day. In their new larger packs, Crookes Capsules, of guaranteed strength and quality, cost less than a penny each. A penny a day for protection? How *easy* Crookes make it to look after yourself!

THE DANGER AREA

Crookes are obtainable in three new extra value sizes—30 for 2/6 (a month's supply for one person): 60 for 4/6 (a month's supply for two): and a family pack containing 120 capsules for 8/6.

Jenifer F *caught her cold in a bus, on the way home from work. Jenifer's resistance couldn't cope with the change-over from lovely warm office to beastly cold bus—and that gave the cold-germ the chance it had been waiting for.*

Brian C *caught his cold at school. Normally he could have beaten the germ—but he takes so much extra out of himself during the winter that his vitality was dangerously low. His mother didn't realise that in winter he should take extra care to keep his resistance high.*

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Peter Haigh, Jack Train, and Freddie Mills show Katie Boyle

What men want for Christmas

" Hey, what's that all you men are looking at? "

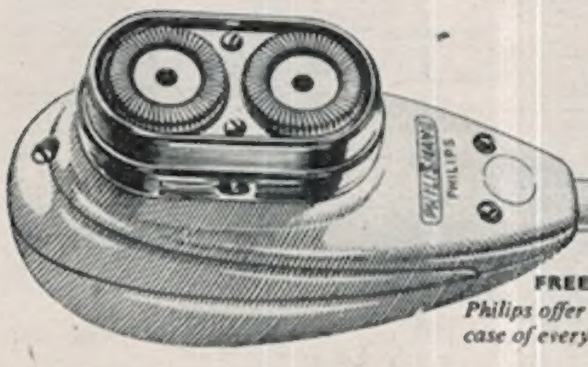
" *The* ' *Philishave*', *Katie* ".

" Oh, I know — the dry shaver ".

" *The dry shaver with* Rotary Action, *Katie dear. Makes all the difference in the world. The blades rotate to shave at all angles, you see — just the way the bristles* grow. *So you get a closer shave — in comfort* ".

" Sounds like a good idea for a Christmas present ".

" *The best, the very best. The one Christmas present, in fact, that* any *man would like!* "



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Be resigned to painful tiredness no longer. You can now have added energy, zest and tranquillity—at trifling cost. Here, indeed, is the finest proprietary tonic you can get; see what benefits it can bring you—now. CHLORO-YEAST meets today's needs. In this upsetting age we get tense, tired, run down, nervy and depressed too quickly, and too often. There is an answer to this—

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Chloro-Yeast is more than Yeast. Try it!

HERE'S ENERGY PLUS FRESHNESS!
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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

there is no lack of opportunity here. —Miss E. C. McDonald, Muswell Hill, London, N.10.

From 1952 to 1955, about 56,000 Australians came to settle in the British Isles. In the same period, about 200,000 people emigrated to Australia from all parts of the British Commonwealth, but the vast majority were from the United Kingdom.

Separate Holidays

Education authorities should arrange all school holidays to coincide. But in this district, the local boys' grammar, the primary and the girls' grammar school half-term holidays all run consecutively.

Many parents have children at all three types of school, and as a result outings together have to be abandoned. And where a mother goes out to work and there is a younger child at school, the older one at grammar school is unable to look after it.—Mrs. F. C., Rainhill, near Liverpool.

" Holidays are arranged with head teachers to suit the different kinds of school," says a Lancashire Education Committee official. " There have never been any complaints before."

In Doubt

Having converted a lovely mahogany piano-stool into an odd-looking television table (" Make Yourself At Home," John Bull, October 13), I find that our television set is the console type with doors. Should I pull the works out and make a useful cupboard for boot brushes, or put a cushion on and use it as a piano stool?—W. Burton, Sleaford, Lincs.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

Win £1,000 cash FREE for a cover title

Study John Bull's cover picture for a few minutes—they may well be the most valuable minutes you'll ever spend. This week there's another chance of winning £100 *free* in our cover title competition and an opportunity, too, of scooping that special *additional* prize of £900 for the writer of the best winning title in the series, which ends on December 8.

When you have decided on a title—consisting of not more than eight words—cut out the small reproduction of the cover printed at the foot of this page, paste it on the right-hand side of a plain postcard and write your title alongside it in BLOCK CAPITAL letters. Add your name and full postal address, then post the card (2d. stamp) to John Bull, No. 8 Cover, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), to arrive not later than Monday, November 19, 1956.

The prize of £100 will be awarded for the most apt and original title received. Each reader may send one postcard only for this week's contest, and only one title may be written on each postcard. The prize will be shared in the event of a tie. The Editor's decision is final on all matters concerning the competition. Employees of the proprietors of John Bull (also of associated companies) and their families are not allowed to enter.

WINNER OF COVER CONTEST NO. 3

Mr. J. H. Archer, of 73 Westhope Road, Harton, South Shields, Co. Durham, has won £100 in John Bull's cover contest No. 3. His title for Chittock's painting of the schoolboy spoiling the newly cleaned floor is SKIPPING THE MOST IMPORTANT PAGES.

ANOTHER CHANCE TO WIN £1,000 FREE NEXT WEEK

THE COVER

She's eaten the chocolates, read the magazines, knitted a few rows and tuned in to the play. . . . It's a quiet life for a sitter-in. But then the snags arise. There they are—right there in the doorway. This is the situation that baby-sitters are paid to handle, and the one they all dread. Never mind, here's how to handle it, in one easy lesson. Let the intruders look in until there's the sound of a car in the drive. Then whip them off to bed. They'll be glad enough to go by then. At least, that's the advice Batchelor would give. . . . He hasn't any children.

If you can brush after meals, that's best—if not, here's

NEWS! A toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal-

Refreshment Car, Cornish Riviera Express

JUST ONE BRUSHING removes most bacteria—major cause of decay and mouth odour

Can't brush after every meal? Then new Gleem toothpaste is specially *made* for busy people like you. *Just one brushing* with Gleem removes most bacteria — major cause of tooth decay and mouth odour. That's because Gleem has the exclusive ingredient GL-70★, an important new decay-fighter. Gleem with GL-70 *gets at the cause of decay.*

Mouth fresher. Brushing with Gleem combats unpleasant mouth odours, makes the mouth feel fresh, clean, and healthy. A Gleem brushing is the perfect start to every day.

A winner with the family. New breezy-tasting Gleem encourages children to brush often and take proper care of their teeth. To reduce decay, see your dentist at least twice a year — and brush regularly with Gleem.

★ *GL-70 is a blend of anionic sulphates exclusive to Gleem. Active ingredient: 0.37% Sodium Lauryl Sulphate and 0.75% Sodium Monoglyceride Lauryl Sulphate.*

HERE'S THE PROOF

Photomicrographs show mouth bacteria enlarged 1,000 times.

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In two big-value sizes: medium 1/10d large 2/7d

ONLY NEW GLEEM HAS GL-70 . . . important new decay and bacteria fighter

New! American styled MASTER CUT

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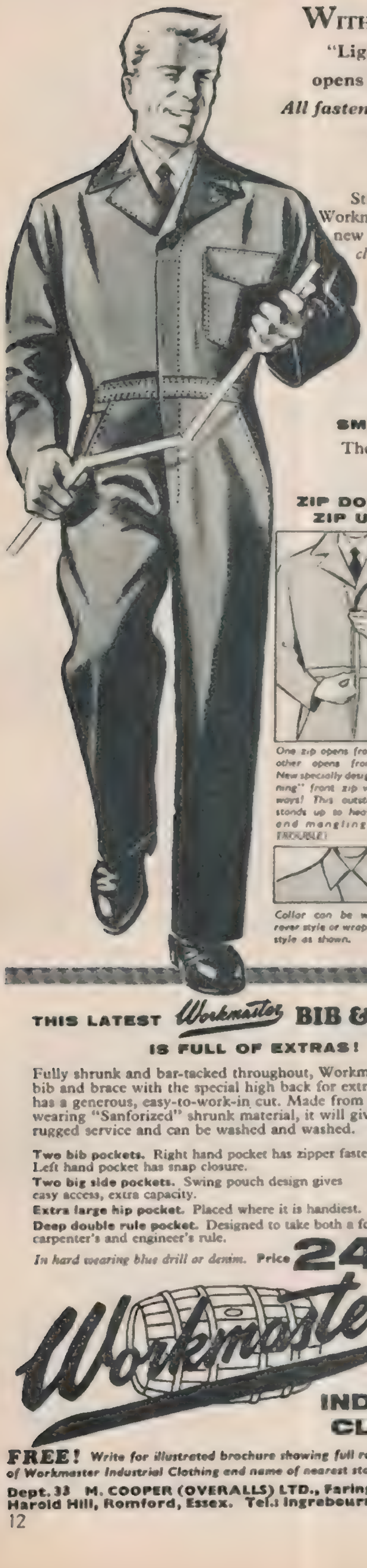

WITH the new, specially designed "Lightning" 2-slider zip front that opens from the top and the bottom. ***All fasteners covered as recommended by the latest British SAFETY SPECIFICATIONS.***

Stronger! Smarter! Far longer lasting! Workmaster have put everything into their new Master Cut boiler suits—*including a cloth-covered front "Lightning" 2-slider zip that opens from both ends.*

The material wears like iron. Fully pre-shrunk. All strain points are heavily bar-tacked. Seams triple-stitched. All metal fasteners are cloth-covered. *Nothing to catch! Nothing to scratch!*

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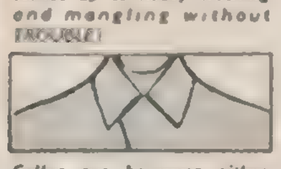
They are Industrial No. 1's and because they last so much longer, you don't spend so much money on work clothes. "Sanforized" shrunk—they wash and wash and wash—and of course do not shrink. There is ample pocket space.

ZIP DOWN—ZIP UP!

One zip opens from top—the other opens from bottom! New specially designed "Lightning" front zip works both ways! This outstanding zip stands up to heavy washing and mangling without TROUBLE!



Collar can be worn either rever style or wrap-over collar style as shown.

In specially toughened heavy quality drill,

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Also in Denim at

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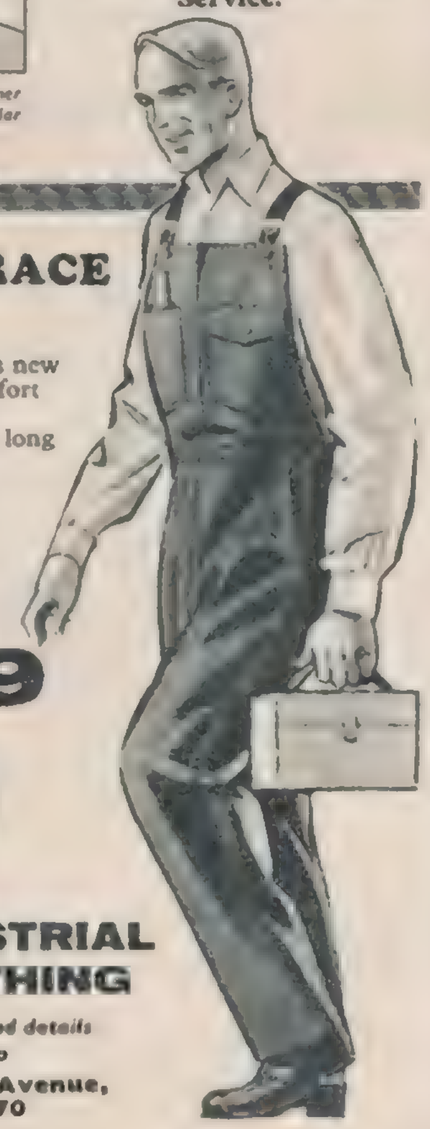
Master cut and sized for the short, medium and tall man.

The Lee Cooper Organization makes these garments and backs them with a **Guaranteed Replacement Service.**



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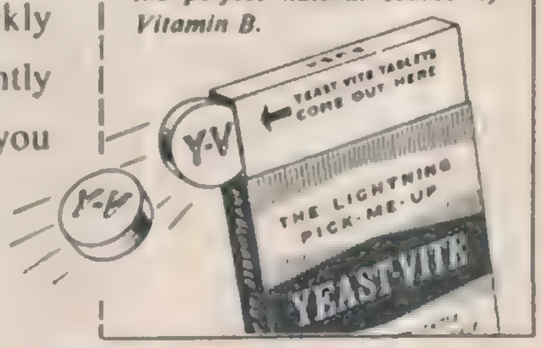

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Norman Wisdom begins the whirlwind story of his life

UP IN THE WORLD

EVER since I was first in need of care and protection, I've either been running away from something or forcing myself not to run away. I ran away from my guardians, from my grandmother and at various times from a succession of jobs. I ran away to sea, and once I doubled back into the army when civvy street had proved too burdensome to bear. I had to summon up all my will-power to stop myself running away from my first chance as a professional comedian. Even now, after years in show business, I'm often troubled by my own temerity.

It was this way one night last February as I looked down from an aeroplane window at the blaze of neon that is Las Vegas, that fabulous gambling city in America's far west. Just then I wished that the pilot would turn back. The whole project had become frighteningly big, and my scalp tingled every time I thought of it, and I thought of it almost every waking moment. Here we were—my wife Freda; Billy Marsh, my agent, and myself—suddenly being shot into this incredible place as a prelude to a million-dollar contract which covered my services in one film a year for five years.

I was to look the city over, at Hollywood's expense, to decide whether I thought it would yield enough comedy material for a film called *An Englishman In Las Vegas*. Columbia Pictures had put out the carpet for me, and it was this royal treatment which was partly responsible for my running-away urge. We were given a luxury suite at the El Rancho, one of the town's plushiest hotels, and presently a chauffeur showed up with a Cadillac as long as an alley. With my lingering horror of ostentation, I told him I wouldn't need a chauffeur. He left me the car.

I began to get used to things after this gesture of defiance. I even had a go at the gambling slot-machines, after I'd warned

Norman and his elder brother, Fred. They were sent to guardians on the outskirts of London: they proved more than a handful

At school, Norman (far right) was keener on sport than studies. As well as football, he took up boxing, and later became an army champion. When he went back to Canada Road School, Deal (below), he joined in a playground soccer game

Billy about them. "It's a mug's game," I told him. "You don't want these machines to get you. This gambling lark, it's just terrible, it really is." But I tried a few. About fifteen dollars went in no time—about five pounds.

"You want to watch it," I said to Billy. "You'd be surprised how gambling can get you."

What really set me to rights, though, was a chance meeting in one of the downtown gaming galleries. A woman dressed in English-style clothes, a steadying sight among the crazy outfits being worn, was excitedly playing one of the fruit machines and suddenly exclaimed: "I've got it." Out poured the jackpot—a hundred dollars. Nobody born and bred in Britain could have mistaken that voice.

As Gracie Fields held out her arms to embrace me, I recalled an evening years earlier in London when, by one stagewise gesture, she had rescued me from an awkward spot not of my own making. I'll go into that later.

There were other parallels with the past on this Las Vegas trip. The blackjack tables reminded me of those pontoon schools in the army; the fruit machines brought back that night of despair when I blued my last few shillings in a pintable saloon in Charing Cross Road, and I couldn't avoid contrasting the fuss being made by the Hollywood people with those hard times when I was a kid nobody wanted to know.

Nowadays, when I talk about my childhood, friends usually bring up Dickens and liken me to Oliver Twist. Perhaps the comparison is fair.

I was born in Marylebone, London, in 1920. I was very small for my age and always trying to emulate my older brother, Fred. I was four when my mother took me to school for the first time, to St. Luke's, in Fernhead Road, Paddington, a gaunt, grimed, Victorian institution with a paved playground surrounded by iron railings.

It was a raw winter's morning, and I was shivering so much that the teacher, a kindly, middle-aged woman with her hair done in a bun at the back, led me to the fireplace and put me in the hearth, *inside* the huge fireguard. Even so, I felt lonely and unhappy, and I cried. Next day, I was put inside the fireguard again, on a stool, and I kept this privileged seat throughout the cold spell. I warmed gradually to school life.

After a while I mixed mostly with boys older than myself, Fred's pals, and we played football and cricket in the streets. More often than not our ball was a lump of old brown paper tied with string. Part of the street was taken up by a builder's yard with a high wall spiked at the top, and there were always arguments about who should fetch the ball when it went over.

I came in for more than a fair share of retrieving, and one summer's evening when they hoisted me on to the wall I slipped as I was going over the top and one of the spikes went right through my left hand. Some of the other boys were sickened to see me hanging there, impaled, white and bleeding, but my brother and two others climbed up and unhooked me. I still carry the scar.

As much for our own good as anybody's, the police used to shoo us off the streets into Queen's Park, and there we would remain until long after closing time or until we were making a nuisance of ourselves. At any rate, the park-keepers seemed to us a much less tolerant body than the police, and the way we made them chase us can't have been very good for their hearts. If we weren't bothering them we were fighting among ourselves.

It was a tough district, not far from the Harrow Road, and I remember one day when Fred got into a brawl with a boy much bigger than he was. I watched the fight with mounting horror from the ring of juvenile spectators and, when Fred appeared to be getting the worst of it, I joined in, laying into this fellow furiously. When I came round, I was on my brother's back being carried home. It turned out that Fred's opponent hit me once and knocked me unconscious, a development that scared all the other kids and stopped the fight.

We had another doubtful pastime. Along the Harrow Road and in the side streets of Kilburn, barrow-salesmen sold everything from second-hand rugs to cut-price sweets. They were a smart, worldly fraternity, but we had them beaten. We would stand close to the sweets barrows, holding out a newspaper to conceal our questing hands underneath, and we would even pretend to listen admiringly to the sales patter as we filled our pockets.

We were so experienced at this sort of thing that we were never caught. I still don't regard it as really wicked, for we rarely had a half-penny to spend. As soon as I was old enough to realize the value of money, I started running errands for pennies and later discovered another profitable line: carrying passengers' bags at Paddington Station.

This work, however, did not last long, for soon we exchanged the teeming streets of Paddington for something very different: we were placed in the care of guardians at

Roe Green on the northern fringe of London. It was a delightful spot then, all fields and trees and vistas of open country, and we loved the place.

Our school was three miles away near Hatfield, and I could hardly gulp down my breakfast quick enough, so keen was I for the walk through that lovely country. In fact, we never walked: we ran, for the sheer joy of it, racing each other to school.

Fred invariably won, and at four o'clock, as soon as school was over for the day, I was eager for a prompt start, not even bothering to look for Fred. Then, looking over my shoulder, I would see his figure coming across the fields, catching up. To make up my good start, he had to run much harder and he would be exhausted by the time he caught up. If I still had plenty of running in me, he would hold me back by the collar of my jersey.

On other occasions, he would deceive me into thinking that I could win. He would hold off purposely until we were in sight of the cottage. Then he would steal alongside, trip me, put me on the ground, and spurt like the devil. This infuriated me beyond measure.

I was learning to hate school. One of the teachers disliked me intensely, and appeared to derive some furtive pleasure from making me squirm. He never used a cane, but a thick ruler, and he had developed a habit of tapping boys on the head with it

One morning he beckoned me to the front of the class, ordered me to hold out my hand, then smashed the ruler across it. I called out in agony and fear, and almost immediately my hand began swelling. It reached a tremendous size, puffy, taut, angrily red. I was scared, but this teacher was even more afraid of what he had done. He had lost his temper completely, and although I was only ten, I could detect the wildness in his eyes, the unconcealed hatred. In all my life, I have come across very few people I positively dislike; but he was one of them.

It wasn't long before Fred and I were on the move again. We must have proved too big a handful for our guardians. Often on our way home in an evening we would go scrumping for apples, but, less expert in the juvenile felonies of the countryside than our new friends, we were caught. This behaviour dismayed our guardians.

There were probably other factors, too, but the long and the short of it was that we were moved to different guardians at a farm not far away, and shortly afterwards came yet another change.

This time it was almost like emigrating, for we went to Deal on the Kent coast. This was a great thrill: the sea, an environment that was entirely fresh, and a railway station that promised plenty of bag-carrying business. Even as we came off the train with a small suitcase apiece, I could see how much easier it would be to pick out prospective clients than at Paddington, where a lot of good tips were lost in the bustling crowds.

A new life was opening up. The first morning I went down to the station I carried four bags, and called it a day when the fourth client gave me the unheard-of sum of half a crown. It looked like enough money to keep me in luxury for weeks. Another day I spotted a large, bowler-hatted passenger with an umbrella, a briefcase and a great bulging travelling-grip.

I sidled alongside. "Carry your bag, sir?" I asked.

He sized me up, smiled and said, "All right."

As I took one of the leather handles of the grip, he picked up the other and we walked lopsidedly off the station, the grip dragging at my side because I was so near the ground. Outside his hotel he gave me half a crown, which I felt I hadn't fully earned. It evened up the less-rewarding jobs, for often I carried two bags

Continued on page 53

When Wisdom became a waiter, at fifteen shillings a week, most of his money went on clothes. "I was emerging as something of a masher" he says. Later he joined the army

Norman dances with his mother. She was upset when he joined the army, and bought him out. Then she helped to get him work as a drawing-office apprentice

Ernest Parker gave Wisdom a job as an errand boy at Deal, Kent. Norman's fame for speed spread. A rival grocer soon offered him more money

The second year of marriage

by DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

Something had to be done to save this young couple's happiness. John had an idea—and it had worked before

As he talked to his son, John tried to sound casual. "I take it the party's over?" he said

LYING awake in his bedroom on the first floor of the old red-brick house in West Street, Mr. Prentice, senior partner in the firm of Prentice & Co., chartered accountants, could still hear the murmur of voices in the living-room below him. That room had been called the parlour all through his boyhood, but after the first World War everything had changed and now no one spoke of parlours any more. They were as obsolete as the naval lieutenant's uniform John had put on in 1915, four years before he'd brought Helen as a bride to this house.

Since then the whole world of his youth had changed, not sedately and soberly, but by sudden convulsions. It had changed most alarmingly in the past decade, when he'd been getting on towards retirement age; and it was this thought that held him sleepless in his bed, rather than the sound of his son's party going on below him.

"Though perhaps I'm wrong even to call it a party," he said, speaking aloud, as he'd fallen into the habit of doing after Helen died. "I'll bet Stephen didn't call it anything so festive—or so childish—when he invited his scientist friends in for a drink after their meeting tonight."

Then he thought of Stephen's pretty wife, and added: "Peggy would use the word 'party'—and so would that actor friend of hers—but not my son, Stephen. There's nothing frivolous in his language or in his world."

Stephen was a physicist, and it was the utter strangeness of his world—that vaguely apprehended new universe ranging from invisible minuteness to the far reaches of space, whose power was derived from atoms and whose energy equalled mass times the speed of light squared—it was this ungraspable modern world with its speech of Babel that made John Prentice feel lonely, cut off from his own flesh and blood.

Especially during the past five days had he been aware of his essential estrangement from his son.

On the Monday of that week Stephen and Peggy had arrived to stay with him till the following Sunday. They'd come to London from Cambridge to attend a meeting of an international federation of scientists. Stephen had been so absorbed in the meeting that his father had had only occasional glimpses of him, and no chance at all to talk to him.

But Stephen's lovely blonde wife was by no means so absorbed. She'd come along, she announced brightly on her arrival, for a holiday.

Peggy was a Cambridge girl whom Stephen had met three years ago, literally by accident—she'd bumped her car into his at a traffic light. He and Peggy had been married for two years, and it was apparent by this time that she had no interest whatsoever in science. In fact, she made rather a point of her indifference to it.

ONLY yesterday morning at breakfast—Stephen had already left the house—she'd said jokingly to her father-in-law: "I wasn't born with a high brow, you know—I just acquired one by marriage." It wasn't much of a joke, and her accompanying laugh struck John Prentice as rather bitter, so that he'd had a sudden dark suspicion that all was not well with his son's marriage.

It upset him, because he liked Peggy. He thought her a spirited and charming young woman who was frank in her attitude towards intellectual matters. She'd gone with Stephen to the first formal reception for the visiting scientists—"They all looked like owls," she told John afterwards—but from then on she'd spent her time visiting friends of hers in London.

The first of these to call at the house—in his sports car—was the young actor Teddy Blake, who had known Peggy, it seemed, since they were both in their perambulators. Whether Teddy had ever left his was questionable, John

thought; but Teddy was at least physically mature.

It was Teddy who'd driven Peggy out into the country—while Stephen was reading to his assembled colleagues a paper on "The Magnetic Attraction of Two Electrified Masses in Motion." In his open devotion to Peggy, Teddy was being just an old pal, but he was also an attractive, unmarried male. Furthermore it was spring and he'd seen her every day since Monday, and now it was Friday and they were together downstairs at this moment—Teddy and Peggy—sitting close together on a sofa, while Stephen and his friends went on talking their enlightened, unintelligible, scientific gibberish.

John Prentice couldn't stand lying awake in the darkness any longer. He switched on the light by his bed, got up and put on his dressing-gown and slippers. Helen had given him that dressing-gown for his birthday the year before she died, almost four years ago now, and he thought with resentment how much frailer the texture of life was than the texture of silk. He sat down in the armchair by his reading-table and turned on the lamp there and lit a cigarette and thought about Helen and their son, the only child she'd borne him. . . .

Then he realized that the sound of voices below him had stopped. The house was so still that he was startled by the knock on his door. He called out: "Come in," and his son came in from the shadowy hall.

"I saw a streak of light under your door," Stephen said. "Hope I'm not bothering you."

"On the contrary," his father said. "On the contrary." He tried to keep his tone casual as Stephen stood by him. "I take it the party's over?"

"Party? Oh, you mean our session downstairs."

"Yes," his father said. "Will you have a cigarette?"

"Cigarette? Why, yes, thanks. I will."

ABSENT-MINDEDLY, Stephen reached down into the silver box on the table. He was tall, over six feet, with good shoulders and the same spare, slightly lounging figure that showed in the photograph of the bomber pilot on his father's bedside table. John Prentice glanced at the photograph and felt a surge of pride in his son, who was certainly as attractive as any actor living.

But Stephen had forgotten to light his cigarette, so, after a moment, John handed him a box of matches. "Here," he said.

"What? Oh, thanks," Stephen said, and then: "I thought I gave you a lighter for Christmas?"

"You did. You always do. But I prefer matches."

"Why? They're practically archaic."

"So am I. And matches always work. Has Peggy gone to bed?"

"She's gone up to our room."

A rueful note in his voice made his father ask quickly: "What do you mean? Is anything wrong?"

"She wanted to go dancing."

"Dancing?"

"With Teddy Blake."

"Alone with Teddy Blake?"

"Yes," Stephen said; and then: "Oh, they asked me to go with them. Teddy suggested that the three of us go to some night club—after the others had left, I mean—but, of course, I couldn't."

"Why couldn't you?"

"Because tomorrow's Saturday, the last day of our conference. I want to be fresh for the final papers."

"What papers?"

"Well, there'll be one on mesons and another on the anti-proton, and a report on the latest research into the possible neutralization of gravity."

"Yes, I see. Very important, no doubt. But let's get back to Peggy. You say that after you refused their invitation she still wanted to go dancing with Teddy?"

"Yes."

"And you asked her not to?"

"Dad," Stephen said, "I didn't ask her. I told her."

"Good!"

"But it was absolutely against my principles. And when Blake got a little aggressive and asked me if I didn't trust my wife with him, I reacted like a schoolboy. I told him to hop in his doodle bug and go home or I'd punch him on the nose."

"Splendid! What happened?"

"He went. I don't think Teddy's mentally equipped to handle more than one idea at a time, and it was my insult to his car that registered. He said: 'I'll have you know I paid over fifteen hundred for that car,' and by that time he was half-way down the front steps. Then

John saw them leave; a grim-looking Stephen leading Peggy.... The boy had obviously taken his lecture to heart

Peggy rushed out after him and apologized for my rudeness, and told him she'd see him tomorrow."

"Will she see him tomorrow?"

"I don't know. I suppose so. He's asked her to go driving with him, and she's accepted."

"Why don't you forbid her to go?"

"Forbid her? Again?"

"Why not? You're her husband."

"Oh, well, yes, but——"

"But that would be archaic, like lighting cigarettes with matches?"

Stephen smiled bleakly. "Something like that." He looked at his father. "I've always believed that marriage should be an equal partnership, with neither party dominating the other.

"Now I've done something contrary to that belief. Tonight I acted on impulse—but the question is: What am I going to do about tomorrow? That will have to be a rational decision and I've got an unpleasant feeling that a great deal depends on it. Maybe my marriage."

"Sit down, Steve," John said.

Rather to his surprise, Stephen sat down and folded his arms as he faced his father. "I remember," he said, "that you always made me sit down when you lectured me."

John Prentice shook his head. "I'm not going to lecture you," he said. "I'm going to try to understand you. Because I don't think I do."

"You mean, you don't understand my indecision about tomorrow?"

"Not just that, Steve. I feel—I've felt for some time—that you and I live in radically different worlds, and, personally, I find it—disturbing."

He paused, then went on: "I live in the old three-dimensional world. I weigh it in pounds and ounces and see it with my naked eyes, instead of through a two-hundred-inch telescope or an electro-microscope, or by tracing some mysterious white streaks on an exposed photographic film. Your world is so small I can't see it, Steve, and it's so vast that my mind can't take it in. And you've given it a fourth dimension that leaves me feeling somehow—well, marooned."

"Marooned?"

"As though I were still living on my old-fashioned Newtonian planet and you were flying around somewhere out in Einstein's curvature of space."

"That's quite a picture, Dad."

"The worst of it is," John Prentice went on, "that I don't understand your moral values any better than I do your mathematics. And I'm almost afraid to ask you what those values are, because I don't want to offend you and maybe lose you for good."

"Dad, I——"

"It's bad enough, getting old; a lonely business. I'm prepared to put up with a normal amount of that, but I don't want to be cut off entirely from my only—from you, Steve."

"Dad, don't you know why I'm here?"

"Certainly! You're here for that conference, that——"

"I mean here in your room. Now."

JOHN PRENTICE leaned over and crushed out his cigarette in the ashtray on the table. "Tell me, Steve."

"Because I want your advice about Peggy. About tomorrow. . . ."

His son had come to him for help in a vital matter, and for a moment his father let the warmth of that thought fill his mind. Then he said: "All right! First, I'll ask whether you really love her."

"Yes, I do."

"And Peggy? Does she love you?"

"I'm not sure. She did when she married me. But now. . . ." Stephen got up from the chair and walked to the open window. "How can I be so damned upset when I know that my love for Peggy is based on a sexual attraction that functions simply to assure reproduction of the species? It's absurd, and yet——"

"Steve!"

"Yes, Dad?"

"Speaking of reproduction, why haven't you two had a baby?"

Stephen turned from the window. "Well, we decided——"

"You don't mind my asking?"

"No. We planned to start a family after we were sure our marriage was successful. I figured we'd know in two years."

"Two years! My dear boy, I was married to your mother for thirty-eight years and I never was sure that our marriage was a success."

"Why, Dad, I thought your marriage was perfect."

"It was. But it was never a certainty. She worked at it, and so did I, after I'd learned my lesson."

"What lesson?"

John reached for another cigarette, then forgot to light it. "I mean," he said, "after I'd learned that you can't take a woman for granted."

STEPHEN said: "Well, I'm afraid I've done just that. And now Peggy's slipping away from me. She's turning back to the things—the man she's always known. I think he's paleolithic, but he's a man, and I don't want to lose her to him."

"I'm glad you don't," John said.

"Yet if she really wants to see him tomorrow, how can I stop her? I can't lock her up in our room."

"No, hardly!"

Stephen—the professor of physics who before that had been a bomber pilot, and before that a skinny, tow-headed boy with his mother's grey-blue eyes—this amalgamated Stephen came quickly then and stood before his father. He asked urgently: "What do I do, Dad? Can you tell me?"

"Yes. I can tell you exactly."

"Exactly?"

John smiled. He felt confident now. "You've never been interested in our family history, have you?"

"Our family history? No, not particularly. Why?"

"Well, there's a legend that I heard from my father"—John paused—"a legend about one of our remote ancestors who came home from the Crusades to find that his wife had deserted him. He won her back by offering her a dress made of cloth of gold."

"Very pretty. But what's that got to do with my problem?"

"It establishes a precedent."

"Dad, why don't you light your cigarette?"

"Ah, yes!" his father said, and did so. "Steve, you must buy Peggy a dress."

"Buy her what?"

"A gold dress."

Stephen stared down at him. "Gold?"

"Or whatever material passes for it nowadays."

"Dad, are you serious?"

"And gold slippers to go with it."

"I believe you *are* serious."

"And all the gold jewellery she can wear—and still walk."

"My heaven!" Stephen said. "Peggy'd think I'd gone batty."

"She will think so," his father said, "and she'll be very, very happy to know you've gone batty over her."

"Oh!" Stephen said. "Oh, I see. Well, yes, she might. That is, if she still loves me."

"No better way to find out."

"But it sounds fearfully gaudy. All that gold! And Peggy has such good taste, she might be revolted by——"

John said firmly: "The basic human emotions aren't dependent on good taste. If they were, the human race would have died out long ago. Fortunately we are saved by the wholesome

Peggy was laughing excitedly as she met

vulgarity of love—and besides, that gold costume is necessary because it inspires your speech."

"What speech?"

"The one you make to Peggy when you take her shopping."

"Oh," Stephen said, "you mean I must take her with me?"

"Of course you must! You can't lock her up, but you can certainly take her shopping."

"Suppose she won't go?"

"My dear boy," John said, "you were once an officer in the air force. Have you forgotten how to give an order?"

"Well, I—no, I suppose not."

"Then Peggy goes with you. And now about that speech.

"You put it in your own words," John went on, "but the idea is this: You tell Peggy that you want to dress her in gold because it's the most precious substance in the world and that nothing

Stephen—and the boxes. She told John :"Steve's just bought me the most gorgeous present"

else will do for the most precious woman in the world."

"Oh, my sainted grandmother!" said Stephen.

"Yes," his father said, "I know just how you feel, and I admire your fine choice of expletive. But I'd like to point out that your grandmother was not a saint—on either side of the family—or you and I wouldn't be here."

"That's probably true."

"If you do something to show Peggy that she's dear to you, she won't care how crazy it is, or how garish, or how absurd. She may never wear that dress you're going to buy her, but she'll always remember why you insisted that it had to be gold."

Stephen said: "Where the devil do I get such a garment?"

"Go to all the women's dress shops."

"Suppose I can't find a gold dress?"

"Then order one. The chances are you'll find one. But, in any case, don't compromise, don't flinch, and don't give up, even if it takes all day tomorrow."

"All right, Dad! I'll do it. I'll. . . ." Stephen paused in dismay. "But I can't do it tomorrow. I'll miss the wind-up of our meeting. I won't hear those papers."

"Stephen," his father said, "you can get copies of those papers, but you can't get a copy of Peggy. If you let her go out with Teddy Blake tomorrow ye'll never get her back."

"But she knows my work's important. What's wrong with her, anyway?"

"I think she feels neglected and wasted," his father said. "Do I have to tell you, a scientist, that a woman is made for a purpose? And that her greatest need is to make sure that this purpose is carried out in love?" John Prentice looked levelly at his son. "I'm getting tired waiting for my grandchild," he said.

John Prentice breakfasted in his room nowadays, so that it wasn't until ten o'clock next morning that he realized that Stephen must have taken his little lecture to heart. He was looking out of his window when he saw Stephen and Peggy leave the house. Stephen looked very grim and determined, just as though he were leading a charge. He had Peggy by the hand, and she looked dazed; though whether happily or unhappily dazed, John could not tell.

He was restless that day, waiting for them to return, but they did not come back until late afternoon.

Then Peggy came rushing into the room. She looked lovely and tired and dishevelled, with her blonde hair askew and her face all wild colour, and she was laughing exhaustedly as she flung herself into his arms.

"Oh!" she burst out. "It's been the damnedest day. Steve's gone mad, and it's wonderful, it's heavenly!"

"Take a deep breath, my dear."

"I still can't believe it. He gave up his meeting for me, and he's done the most crazy, most wonderful thing. He's bought me an awful gold dress that looks like a lampshade, but he——"

"Psst!" John warned.

Peggy turned, and they both looked at Stephen as he entered the room. He was carrying a dressbox under one arm, a shoebox under the other, his pockets seemed to be bulging with packages, and he, too, looked exhausted.

"Hallo, Stephen," John said.

"Hallo," Stephen said. "We've been shopping."

"Oh, have you?" his father said.

PEGGY rushed to her husband and embraced him, boxes and all. "Steve's just bought me the most gorgeous present," she said. "It's a perfectly beautiful gold dress."

"With slippers to match," Stephen said.

"And a gold necklace," Peggy said, "and earrings and a brooch, and a bracelet——"

"Just costume jewellery," Stephen said, with a deprecatory gesture that cost him his hold on the dressbox. It fell to the floor, and Peggy pounced on it with a cry and hugged it to her.

She said quickly: "I love all my beautiful presents and I'm going to wear my new dress tonight, and then never again, because it's so precious I'm just going to save it for ever."

"You can do what you like with it," Stephen said, "after tonight. But I want to see you in it once, at least. Come on, Peg."

"Yes, darling. I'm coming. I can't wait to put it on." She looked back at John and laughed and winked a blue eye. "You know, Mr. Prentice, I think your son loves me."

"I wouldn't be surprised," John said. "He's quite bright about some things."

Peggy laughed again and went out. Stephen followed her, But at the door he stopped and looked back at his father. And he, too, winked.

John winked back.

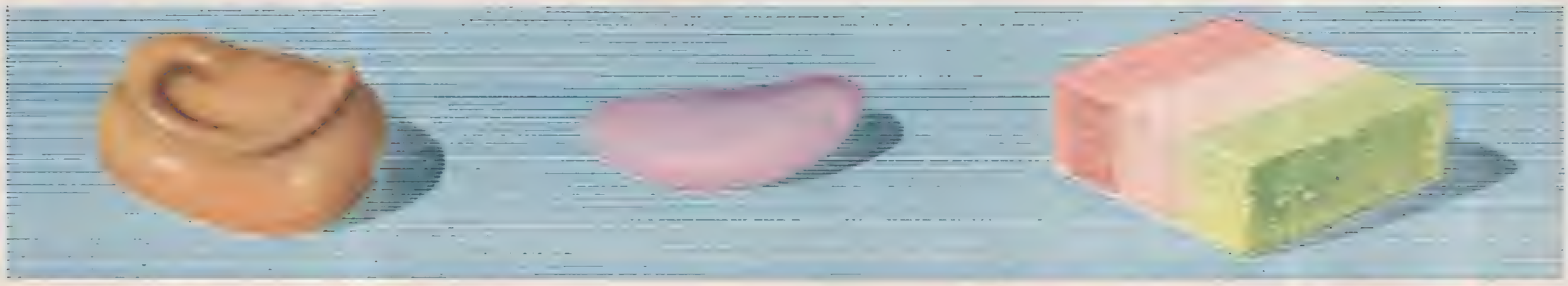
Then he was alone in the room. He turned round and opened the bottom drawer of his bureau.

There was nothing in it but a long cardboard box, and John Prentice removed the lid and laid it on the floor and then folded back several layers of tissue paper and took out of the box a gold dress. It was old, but unwrinkled, unfaded, practically unworn. He walked across the room with the dress in his hands and he was thinking of Amos, his father.

"You heard that legend from your father," he said, speaking aloud to Amos, "and you told it to me when I was so wrapped up in business that I almost lost Helen. Now I've told it to Stephen, and it's worked for him as it did for me, and maybe some day he'll tell it to his son."

There was great comfort, great peace for John Prentice in the thought that, all through the changes of time and the endless mutations of the world, there ran a continuing thread of human experience, of human frailty and wisdom and love.

THE END



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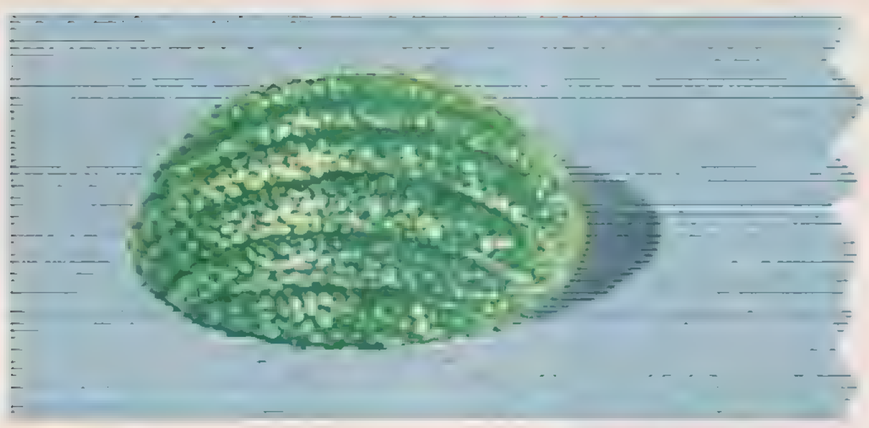

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A Tibetan princess and women in pink can be problems to Bertha Walmsley. As a home-finder for army families, she has helped . . .

Three thousand lonely wives

by KEITH ELLIS

IT was the first day of the new school year and the school-bus driver was at his wit's end. After depositing a number of children at their Blackpool homes, he was left with four five-year-olds who had no idea where they lived. Recalling that they came from army families, he drove to the Grand Hotel, headquarters of the army's No. 28 Families Hostel group, and turned them over to Captain Bertha Walmsley, Women's Royal Army Corps.

A staunch, motherly woman, Captain Walmsley is the hostel's welfare and billeting officer. Gently she asked the children their names. "One said he didn't know," she says. "Two didn't answer—I found out later that they spoke only German. The fourth said his name was Jones and we had four Joneses on our books."

Patiently, she repeated each name on the list of more than 250 families until the children showed some reaction. She then rang up the hotels where these families were staying to find out if they were expecting a child from school. "All I had to do then," she says, "was to send the children home in a utility van. The whole job took me an hour."

Restoring lost children to their mothers is the sort of task that has become routine to Captain Walmsley. Since she was posted to the hostel in January, 1952, she has played fairy godmother to around three thousand army wives who had, on average, three children each. She rarely has fewer than 250 families under her care.

The wives and children of serving soldiers, they stay anything up to two years in the forty-eight hotels and boarding-houses which comprise the hostel's accommodation. A few are hardship cases, rescued from unsuitable homes. Most are waiting for married quarters on their husbands' stations overseas or have just returned from abroad and have not yet found permanent accommodation in this country.

Captain Walmsley bears this background of separation constantly in mind. "In this job," she says, "we must remember the human element all the time. We must make allowances for these lost, lonely wives. We can never grumble. We must be tolerant with them."

Her work brings her into contact with almost every vicissitude of human life. She has stood godmother at a score of christenings and also at two confirmations.

One day, she attended a military funeral in the morning and a wedding in the afternoon. Almost every week, she visits a mother and new baby in the maternity hospital.

SHE tackles every kind of problem. When a young boy painted a visitor's car red, white, blue and yellow, she had to go to court to speak for him. When the husband of an Egyptian-born woman died and left her without money, Captain Walmsley sold her gold trinkets to a bullion dealer to pay for her passage to Alexandria.

The first three women who called at her office one morning recently were a typical sample. The first had had the promise of married quarters cancelled and just wanted to weep on her shoulder. The second applied for a travel warrant so that she could visit her mother in Germany. The third asked her to witness a passport application so that she could stay with her mother-in-law in Cape Town before joining her husband in Malaya.

Some time ago, a woman who was tired of waiting for married quarters threatened to commit suicide. "Do," replied Captain Walmsley in her matter-of-fact Lancashire accent. "Just walk into the cold wet sea. I'll come and watch you." The woman stamped out—and forgot all about suicide. But the captain was unable to prevent another angry wife from throwing her wristlet watch and wedding ring into the sea from the end of Blackpool's North Pier.

Most wives appreciate her efforts. A few send

Officers' wives relax in the Blackpool hotel which is their home. Army families are put in groups according to the husbands' ranks

Bertha Walmsley visits Mrs. Noone, wife of a sergeant in Korea, and her triplets. Friendly landlords often help to look after children

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

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her Christmas cards or a bunch of flowers on her birthday. Others have knocked her hat off, torn the buttons from her tunic and spat on her. "We get all kinds," she says. "Most are all right." Occasionally, she has to teach one how to dust and make a bed.

Almost half are foreign-born. She has looked after Germans, French, Italians, Greeks, Cypriots, Maltese, Malays and Japanese. One claimed to be a Tibetan princess.

A Nigerian tribeswoman said that her husband had told her she must earn £200 towards the deposit on a house. She had been a dress-maker at home, and Captain Walmsley found her a job in an overall factory. When the captain visited it two months later, the woman told her: "Since I saw you, I've spent exactly eight shillings."

Surprised, Captain Walmsley asked: "How?" The woman replied: "Two airmail letters a week to my husband."

The captain comments: "I believed her. When she left at the end of the year, she'd saved £258 and bought an expensive sewing-machine."

When the War Office tells Captain Walmsley that an army family is due, she books accommodation at one of the hotels or boarding houses under contract. All have washing and drying facilities, a bathroom, a washbasin in each bedroom, a dining-room and a lounge.

Captain Walmsley or one of her staff meets each family at the station with transport and takes it to its new home. When the troopship Dunera carrying wives and children to the Far East was sent back home from Malta because of the Suez crisis, forty-six families arrived together at 5.15 p.m. Half an hour later, they left the station in specially chartered buses and by 6.30 p.m. the last of them had been settled in its quarters.

FAMILIES are segregated into three groups according to the husband's rank—officers; warrant officers and senior n.c.o.s; and junior n.c.o.s and other ranks. Captain Walmsley says the reason is to discourage the wife from wearing her husband's rank. "Also," she says, "husbands join their families when they are on leave. It would be embarrassing for a private who had come down to breakfast unshaven to be ticked-off by a sergeant-major in front of his own family." When a husband is promoted, his family is moved to an hotel reserved for the new rank.

An other-rank's wife with two children pays £3 10s. 6d. a week—deducted from her allowance at source; an officer's wife with two children pays £5 8s. 3d. For this, the other-rank's family gets breakfast, dinner, high tea and a light supper; the officer's family gets late dinner instead of high tea. Apart from cleaning their own rooms, the wives have no work to do.

Most wives settle down quickly in their first hotel. The majority find jobs. But a few are unhappy. Some are so miserable at being parted from their husbands that nothing will please them. Others don't like Blackpool. There may be a clash of temperament with another wife—the captain has learned not to put certain types of women in the same house.

Where there is a good reason, she moves a family to another hotel. Unfortunately, some wives want to move for frivolous reasons. One woman didn't like the aspidistra in the hall. Another bought a new pink dress. It clashed with the rust carpet in her hotel but exactly matched the pink carpet in the hotel next door. "The few in hotels without television want to move into those with television."

Captain Walmsley has long experience of army life. She joined a searchlight battery in the first mixed anti-aircraft regiment in the Territorial Army in 1938. Since then, she has served in training and anti-aircraft units, at the War Office, in Belgium and Germany, and as W.R.A.C. adviser to the Scottish T.A. Brigade.

One of her pleasantest discoveries in her present job is the way landlords and their tenants get on together. "It's completely different from the civilian relationship," said one officer. "The landlords seem to feel that they, too, belong to the army."

Landlords hire buses to give the families free outings. They put on free cinema shows. They run raffles and whist drives to help to finance a children's Christmas party with a present for each child—last year there were 450 children. Many employ the wives staying with them as domestic help and almost all look after the children while mothers are at work or in hospital. Often, the families can help the landlord. Some time ago an army cook who had joined his family on leave spent his time working for the landlord when the regular cook fell ill.

But Captain Walmsley makes sure that the hostel accommodation stays up to standard. Every day she tries to inspect at least twelve hotels or boarding houses.

Recently, she noticed that one of the plastic tablecloths in an hotel dining-room had a tear in it. Turning to the proprietor, she said: "This place will soon be a slum. You'll be putting the flowers in jam-pots next." Just before she left fifteen minutes later, the landlady asked her: "Would you mind looking in the dining-room?" She did so. There was a brand-new cloth on every table.

THE END

A gripping new serial by David Dodge set amid the splendour of the Riviera

Angel's Ransom

THIN threads of music floated across the harbour from the casino as Jim Blake made a midnight tour of the Angel, the luxury yacht that he captained. The Angel was Freddy Farr's ship—a floating penthouse for an American millionaire. Soon they would be sailing in search of new pleasures. . . .

The yacht was about to put to sea. Suddenly a heavy automatic was levelled at Blake's stomach. "What is all this?"

"You'll learn. Be quiet."

It was piracy. . . . Little Monsieur Herriot had come to collect a signature—Freddy Farr's signature, on a cheque for 100,000 dollars.

It was as easy as that. The Angel would drift aimlessly round the Mediterranean until the loot was safe.

Quite safe . . . if the Angel's unwilling passengers would co-operate. But would they . . . ? Marian Ellis had a private score to settle. She had innocently sparked off the plot. Now she must make up for it. . . . Bruno's passion for the beautiful Valentina could lead him to dangerous bravado; and his wife's jealousy smouldered murderously.

But Freddy Farr had most to lose—and most to fight for. Only his skipper, Jim Blake, saw sense at gun-point . . . and perhaps that was cowardice.

Herriot the pirate had his hands full. But for 100,000 dollars he would curb any mutiny. The "Angel's Ransom" was a prize that was worth even murder.

Sir Mortimer Wheeler introduces a complete detachable 8-page Supplement

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Small world at your feet

Derek Wragge Morley (left) inspects an ant-hill twenty years old. Once he gave an ant a nervous breakdown

Dr. Carthy traces the routes of ants as they pick up larvae from the centre of the arena and return to the plaster nest

Beneath the clumsy tread of Man, monarchies are fought for, lost and won: civilizations flourish and die

by ROY HILL

ONE day in August this year, motorists driving along the main London to Southend road switched on their windscreen wipers. There was no sign of rain, but clouds of flying ants were clogging the windscreen and falling in their thousands to lie crushed on the road. Thousands more survived to complete their nuptial flight. The queens, fertilized for life, returned to earth. The males, their lives justified, died quickly.

By the time some of the motorists reached their destinations, a natural drama of the black garden ant, one of the most prolific ants in Britain, was complete.

Not all of the 15,000 varieties of ant in the world mate in the air. The males of the wood ant, though winged, stay on the ground and mate on or near their nest. The males of some other species do not possess wings.

Different species of flying ants swarm at different times of the year; but ants of the same species swarm simultaneously over wide areas.

"Usually they choose heavy, overcast days to do it," says Dr. John Carthy, who lectures in zoology at Queen Mary College, London. "We don't know why they prefer sultry conditions, and we don't know exactly how the queens, which have been known to live for twelve years, are able to remain fertile almost to the end of their lives."

After her mating with several males, each queen brushes off her wings. If she is a black garden ant she then burrows into the earth, or finds a convenient crevice, and seals herself in. A few weeks later she lays her first eggs, and when the grubs hatch out she feeds them from her mouth.

The grubs of many species of ant form cocoons, and it is at least fourteen weeks after the marriage flight before the first mature worker ants appear. Until then, the queen lives on the protein from her disused wing muscles and on her natural reserves of fat. Should this supply run out, however, she will eat some of her own eggs, for unlike the bees, ants do not regard their eggs as sacred.

When enough workers are in circulation to provide her with adequate food, the queen can afford to relax. She becomes a pampered egg-laying machine until, in her old age, she ceases to be fertile and dies or is killed by the workers.

Although the queens of most common British ants favour the solitary method of founding a nest, others will gain acceptance in the nest of another species and allow the alien workers to feed them. Or they may return to their original nest—indeed, some species have several queens in each colony, each producing the equivalent of up to a thousand eggs a day.

Ants vary greatly in their habits and preferences. The twenty-seven species of ant in Britain include primitive ants which live in small communities and eat only insects, Pharaoh's ant, a warmth-loving house pest that dotes on sweet foods, the erratic ant, a flesh-eating scavenger, the warlike ruddy black ant, and the blood-red slave-making ant, which carries off the pupae or brood of the large negro ant and rears them to a life of servitude.

Ants will establish nests almost anywhere—in meadows, gardens, buildings, in the living wood of trees, even in the nests of other ants. Their nests range from simple caverns to intricate underground cities with thousands of inhabitants living in a network of tunnels excavated round the central nest.

Wood ants build hillocks for themselves, using all available materials, including pine needles, twigs and leaves. In the winter they retire to their real nest, secure beneath the ground, but when the sun shines all the ants, even carrying the brood with them, will crowd on the hillocks and laze in the sun like holidaymakers on a beach.

The small thief ant builds its nest near the nest of a larger species of ant, which it plunders. The thief makes communicating tunnels into the biggest nest, and steals food from its unsuspecting hosts. If the outraged larger ants pursue, they are baulked by the minute tunnels into which the thief ant bolts.

Worker ants are all degenerate females. They will never fly and be fertilized, but, like the queens, they may lay unfertilized eggs, which hatch into males, whereas fertilized eggs produced by the queens hatch into workers and virgin queens. The males live only until they have inseminated the virgin queens, but the workers, if they are lucky, will survive for a year or more.

Often the workers vary both in size and initiative. Some of them are natural leaders who hurl themselves into new tasks until the others follow their example.

Derek Wragge Morley, an entomologist who studied ants for years, built glass-topped mazes like the Hampton Court maze in miniature, and ran ants through them to test their learning ability. He teased one bright pupil, a large negro ant, by placing a cul-de-sac where a right-of-way had existed on the previous run.

"The ant went neurotic," he says. "Its legs began to quiver, it ran around aimlessly and then broke down completely. It showed all the symptoms of a nervous breakdown, but when I held it under a cold water tap it revived."

Worker ants work hard. The nest must be enlarged, cleaned, kept drained and protected. The queen or queens must be attended. And the workers sometimes act as midwives, assisting the new generations of ants to escape fully grown from their cocoons.

Most ants are conditioned to a co-operative life by their habit of regurgitating undigested food. This is possible because they possess two stomachs—a social stomach called the crop, which acts as a bread basket, and a true digestive stomach. A gizzard situated between the two permits so little food to pass into the real stomach that the bulk of it remains in the crop.

When a worker loaded with food meets

Continued on page 56

Race of Death

by PEERCE PLATT

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

No one could beat the Fox at this murderous game. To win Carla, Don was ready to die in the attempt

THE warming-up made Donald Hainton's throat constrict. His heart came up in his throat and beat dully in its tightness. He sat stiffly in the green racing car, belted in, listening to the engines' cacophony, and felt blood pound faintly behind his eyes. The cars were in formation, three abreast, still—yet straining against their immobility like thoroughbreds against a gate. The sound of whining engines was rolling thunder. Metallic screams ripped the fabric of consciousness.

His knuckles gleamed white on the steering wheel. Always, in the brief seconds of truth before the flash of the starting flag, he knew nameless anxiety. Not that he might die. Not that he might lose, or even win. But an anonymous, heart-throbbing anxiety that always vanished when the flag dropped.

He saw the motion of the starter's arm raising the flag. Seconds now. But those seconds were eternity. There was time to see the ranks of cars, the pits, packed grandstands, heat shimmering off macadam. There was time to see the white Porsches and silver Mercédès-Benz 300SLRs, the bottle-green Jaguars and Allards and Frazer-Nashes, red Ferraris, red Siatas and Maseratis, blue Gordinis. Time to feel the Eifel Mountains pressing in, time almost to race in the mind's eye around the fourteen miles of the Nürburgring, through the mountain passes, around the 180 curves of a single circuit. Unreeling like motion-picture film in the mind: Nürburg, Aremberg, Kallenhard, Bergwerk, the Karussel, Schwalbenschwanz, Nürburg—one lap gone, forty-three to go.

The starter's arm was poised at the zenith of its sweep. But nothing happened. In the suspended split second of inaction there was time to see, two rows ahead, the Fox, time to form a curse, time to hate the Fox. . . .

And then the Fox was moving in his bright, battered Maserati, Donald Hainton was moving, the entire field accelerated in a violence of sound and fury. The massed cars whined up a short straight and jammed into the hairpin. Another short straight, a second hairpin.

Road surface and cornering shocks jolted up through the steering column into Donald Hainton's wrists. His large hands, manipulating the wheel like steel fastenings, welcomed the shocks. Later his wrists would ache miserably, his shoulders would be pain-racked. But now his arms fed the shocks to his body, upwards through his neck into his cranium.

His mind cleared, became crystal. As quickly as it had come, anxiety drained. The road, what was visible to him of the world's most challenging race circuit, became the world of his mind. As in trick photography, the road was superimposed upon a faint map in his mind of the entire course, a map on which he had pencilled notations during practice.

This turn, for instance. The map said: *F.O. to crest*. F.O. meant full out. His foot pressed down, and he felt the weight of his back against the seat. Crest. *F.O. right*. He cornered full out right and the car held. Ahead: *Position left for a right*—a given situation, a given solution. If he was wrong, he would find out the quick way. *Crest F.O.* His engine screamed.

It was wonderful the way his mind worked during a race. Memories, impressions, thoughts could impregnate his consciousness, but his racing mind remained inviolate.

The cars were well into the first lap, approaching Aremberg—*Very bad right turn, slippery, take wide*. Two Mercédès were in the lead and the field was stringing out. Ahead of him, several hundred metres, was the Fox. His silver helmet gleamed in the sunlight. Beneath the silver helmet was silver hair. Ubaldo Froscagno, the Fox, was fifty-two years old. He was one of the most perfect racing machines in the sport's history.

For a moment Don Hainton forgot to hate the Fox. The Maestro as he was also called, could

On the second curve, they saw the Mercédès rocket off the road and vanish in a ball of fire . . . . Now Don was alone—with the Fox

do more with his 2.5 litre Maserati than nine out of ten drivers could do with a 4.5 Ferrari. The Fox's bloodstream seemed to run through his red car. He knew its exact limits, the outermost boundaries of its drift on any curve. The car drifted within two inches of where the Fox intended it to be.

But then Don Hainton remembered Carla, and he remembered to hate the Fox. He remembered to hate the wizened face, the silver hair, the jet-black eyes that burned with points of fire. He hated the little man's narrow chest and the lungs inside that had been cooked by over thirty years of engine fumes and the blood that trickled down the brown chin in the last hours of a race. Most of all, he hated the way the Fox had regarded him when he asked if he could have Carla, the old man's daughter.

"You cannot be serious," the Fox had said after an incredulous silence.

"I love her," Don Hainton said.

"Hah!" said the Fox mirthlessly.

"What's wrong with that?"

"Do you think your love is so great?" the Fox said with derision. "Do you think you alone love my Carla? You are a child. Come back when you are an adult. Come back when you are great racing driver. Hah!"

That was two seasons ago. Don Hainton could still feel the Fox's scorn.

Kallenhard approached at what seemed to be the speed of sound. A red Ferrari rode close on Hainton's tail. *Great driver,* he thought, *great driver! We'll see who's great.*

He screamed wide into the Kallenhard turn, corrected in the Fox's style and saw the Ferrari drop behind. A blind left followed. He pumped swiftly on the brake, changed down, keeping one foot on the clutch and the other on the brake and accelerator. Engine and gear speeds synchronized instantly. Emerging, he clipped the hedge on the left, as planned, squealed through a series of rights and shaved a bridge.

Fourth, third, second, third, second, third—gears, meshed like clockwork. *Come into the Bergwerk corner at last moment, very wide entry.* He cut off at two hundred metres, braked and changed, repeated, corrected, slammed back up through the gearbox. The Ferrari was a hundred metres behind.

In the straight after Bergwerk one of the very few on the course, Hainton's speed climbed to over 130 miles an hour. He passed a Gordini. Ahead he saw the Fox accelerate out of a turn, pounding the side of his car, the red Maserati a streak of blood smeared on German soil.

Then the two Mercédès, the Fox and, seconds later, Don Hainton were in the torture of the Karussel, a mind-and-body-consuming nightmare of hairpin turns, tightening curves, expanding curves, uphill, downhill, right and left. Agonized tyres screamed protest, brakes heated linings, and drivers put every possible ounce of strength into their hands and wrists.

The Fox drifted through the Karussel like machine work. Don Hainton followed, losing. Ahead of them the two Mercédès, cars that had been destroying competition all season, faltered. The Nürburgring was a driver's race. Cars mattered less.

SCHWALBENSCHWANZ next. Don Hainton read the faint map in his mind, arrowed straight for the sign over the crest, and remembered, unaccountably, the first words he had heard the Fox speak, words in reply to a novice reporter's mistake of asking: "To what does the Maestro attribute his success?"

"Nobody can catch me," the Fox said.

"Yes, but——"

"Ah, you want my secret. You want to know why I am the greatest, the ultimate?"

The reporter's pencil trembled in anticipation. He thought of his editor, of his readers.

"Because," the Fox said, "I smoke black cigars, I never eat breakfast and I get stinking drunk. I am a great debaucher."

The Fox walked away, the reporter blanched and Don Hainton lay down on the ground at Le Mans and laughed. But that was before Carla.

Trees, mountains and clouds merged in blurred unreality as the road wound into Nürburg. The only reality was the road, life's swift ribbon bridging a gulf of death. Memories surged and paled; the road remained. And the sound. And time ticking off miles into indices.

Hainton flashed past the grandstand, glimpsed the massed banks of frenzied spectators, aware of them only as seething seas of colour. But to the spectators, he was a green car and a white helmet. Under the helmet, unseen, was a face that might have been a cross between that of a prizefighter and a poet. It was a dark, sensitive, wild face, the kind that appears to blossom outwards to humanity. His eyes were large and set deep under shaggy brows, his nose faintly aquiline and a little too large, his mouth wide, masculine. When he smiled, wrinkles radiated from his eyes all over his face. Despite his best efforts, his hair stood out in illogical shocks all over his head. His hands, wrists and shoulders were powerful, too large for his body.

"You are so ugly," Carla had said. "But so beautiful. Are all Englishmen so ugly-beautiful?"

"Only policemen."

"Then I love ugly-beautiful policemen."

The pits slid by, lap cards flashed. One lap was gone. Fourteen miles had been subtracted from 616, a few moments from hours. Now, for ten or twelve laps, began the refinements.

And then, when the 180 curves in the circuit had been studied for their maximum speeds, the grind would begin.

Where was Carla now? At Lugano, he knew, but what was she doing at this instant? Sunning herself on a float in the lake or hiking the heights of Monte San Salvatore? Perhaps on the small steamer to Porlezza with a wicker basket filled with wine and bread and cheese and white linen napkins. Who was she with? Who shared her in the sun-washed town of white buildings and poplars.

She was vivid in his mind. He saw ringlets of her dark, long hair on white skin, eyes full-lashed and filled with night, her mouth a living red blossom, untouched by cosmetic. His mind felt her flowering body. He smelled her cleanness mixed with the fragrance of flowers in her hair. Nearly a year now since he had seen her, held her, since the Fox, jealously safeguarding his most precious possession, had sent her to her aunt in Lugano.

"But, why, why?" he had cried. "What is wrong with me? Why won't you stay with me?"

"You must understand," she said. "'Baldo' is my poppa. I love him, too. I am expected to obey him."

"What are his wishes measured against my

Continued on page 50

For a split second von Werra's body was suspended outside the coach. He had jumped from stifling heat into thirty degrees of frost

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY (6)

Head first—into a frozen wilderness

by KENDAL BURT and JAMES LEASOR

Armed guards stood over him as the prison train hurtled through the night. But there was no stopping von Werra's lunatic plan

THE game was up. The big bluff had failed. Von Werra climbed out of the cockpit of the Hurricane. The duty officer did not speak. Von Werra's bitter disappointment changed to uneasiness. What were they going to do to him? "Do you sometimes fly Hurricanes?" he asked brightly.

The Englishman spoke, but not in reply to the question. "I talked to Dyce," he said flatly.

Von Werra's uneasiness grew. He had made an audacious attempt to escape from Britain. After tunnelling his way out of Swanwick prison camp, in Derbyshire, he had pretended to be a Dutch pilot, Captain van Lott, and in this guise had got on to Hucknall airfield. There he planned to steal a plane and fly to France.

And he almost succeeded. He was already in a Hurricane and about to have the engine started when the duty officer at Hucknall R.A.F. station had found him and ordered him out.

The officer, Flight Lieutenant T. I. Plant, had interviewed von Werra earlier on his arrival at Hucknall, and was suspicious of his story. While Plant was on the telephone checking von

NORMAN WISDOM introduces JOHN BULL'S TV Supplement

YOUR GUIDE TO WINTER VIEWING

I'M an unashamed television fan. My idea of a perfect evening's relaxation is a few hours with television. That is one of the reasons I like making films—it leaves my evenings free for TV.

This winter, whenever I can get the time for it, I'm expecting the best television entertainment this country has ever had. With ITA getting into its stride in its second year of operation, and the B.B.C. getting better and better, we customers are going to get our money's worth.

Certainly I intend to get mine. Some people watch everything. They turn the thing on, and then get on with the knitting or a game of cards. But not me. I plan. I get the two programmes out early in the evening, and I mark in pencil the items I want to see, some on one channel, some on the other. And I stick to the plan. Everybody in the house has to keep quiet—our set's in the living room—and I watch what I want to watch, flipping from B.B.C. to ITA and back again, just as it falls. If there's a good drama, Wisdom's watching. And I certainly never miss the comics!

I sometimes wonder whether people remember what a miracle of entertainment it is. When I was a nipper, about the nearest thing to heaven was the front row of the pictures, just now and then, when I could scrape together the coppers to afford it. I never saw a television set until 1946, and that was in the window of a radio dealer's shop. I can remember to this day staring at it, entranced.

As for regular viewing, I've had my set for only three years. But it never seems stale to me, I never grow tired of it. Evening after evening, the best entertainment that the country can devise, whichever channel it comes from, is pouring into our homes—plays, variety, music, news. What a wonder it is, that little magic window on the world!

Now the winter evenings come on again, and we are all getting ready to watch the best British TV ever. That's why I welcome this JOHN BULL Supplement, this vivid preview of all the riches of entertainment, and drama, and laughter, which are being prepared for our fireside enjoyment. All that talk about television being a monster in our homes is a lot of nonsense. It's a friend, a companion, and, to my family and me at least, a joy.

Norman Wisdom.

PULL OUT THESE EIGHT PAGES AND KEEP FOR REFERENCE

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THE STARS WHO WILL

DESI ARNAZ

DESI ARNAZ, thirty-nine, who "loves Lucy," was born Dosiderio Alberto Arnaz de Acha III in Santiago de Cuba. Coming from a distinguished Cuban family, exiled to Florida following a political upset, he was forced to go to work. He drove trucks and taxis, kept books and cleaned out bird-cages. But he had always shown musical talent and after playing in other bands for two years he organized his own rumba band and later joined Xavier Cugat as a singer. Went to Hollywood in 1940 to make a film and there met Lucille Ball, whom he married a few weeks after they first met. When filming one of the *I Love Lucy* series with Bob Hope, Bob and Desi had a scene when they threw Lucille into the air. "Something went wrong," says Desi, "instead of landing on her feet she landed on me. But it got a bigger laugh and that mattered more than my bruises."

JAMES ARNESS

JAMES ARNESS, thirty-year-old six foot, six inch hero of A-R's western drama *Gun Law* used to find his height a great disadvantage. After being badly wounded in the leg during the war, he decided to make the screen his career, but producers were reluctant to give him parts because he invariably towered over the star. His big chance came when he met another tall man, film star/producer John Wayne, who was not afraid of being dwarfed and who offered Arness a long-term contract. He is married to actress Virginia Chapman. Favourite pastimes: playing at Cowboys and Indians with his three young children, and studying Western folk-lore.

GERALD CAMPION

GERALD CAMPION, thirty-three, B.B.C.'s Billy Bunter, was born in London, son of writer Cyril Campion. Started his acting career at thirteen in *French Without Tears* at the Criterion in 1936 and made several West End appearances before the war. Joined R.A.F. as wireless operator in 1940. Since the war he has had many parts in plays, films and documentaries including *Boys In Brown* and he was the fat boy in *Pickwick Papers*. Was chosen to play Billy Bunter in *Greyfriars* series for TV in 1952. Says: "They could not find anyone fat enough and actor enough to play Billy and as I had a round face which was suitable they decided to pad out the rest of me to match." Playing fat parts has made him very conscious of his appetite. "When I eat in the B.B.C. canteen," he says, "I always take half as much as everyone else in case people think I am really as greedy as Billy." He is married, with two children aged seven and ten, has a flat in Battersea and a cottage in Rye.

CHRIS CHATAWAY

CHRIS CHATAWAY, twenty-five, B.B.C. Current Affairs reporter, was better known at first for his prowess on the athletics track. When at school at Sherborne, he captained the school's boxing and gymnastics teams, but looked down on running as "something soft." Then, at seventeen, he spent his pocket money on going to the 1948 Olympic Games at Wembley and saw Emil Zatopek in action. From then on Chataway spent night and day training, first at Sherborne, and later at Oxford, to become one of England's foremost athletes. He takes television more seriously than his athletics. "After all," he says, "athletics is only an entertainment."

KENNETH CONNOR

KENNETH CONNOR, thirty-eight, actor and comedian, is best known for being Ted Ray's whining brother-in-law, Harold, in *Ray's A Laugh* on Home Service and TV. Left school with a scholarship to the Central School of Dramatic Art where he won a gold medal. After acting experience before and during the war he joined the Old Vic, Bristol, graduating to the West End in revue and variety. Also had a season with the London Old Vic. First broadcast in one of the *Band Wagon* series and first TV appearance was in 1949 in the West End revue *Oranges And Lemons*. Recent TV shows include *Just Fancy* and *Two's Company*. Currently appearing in A-R's goon-humour show *Son Of Fred*. "I find it terribly relaxing working with the goons," he says, "perhaps I am a born idiot." He gets hundreds of letters asking him whether he really is Ted Ray's brother-in-law and has settled several wagers on this point. (He is not.) Is married with one son, aged nine months. Likes long walks and Elizabethan music.

JOAN DAVIS

JOAN DAVIS, forty-seven year old American star of B.B.C. serial *I Married Joan*, started her career at the age of seven. She wanted to become a great dramatic actress and persuaded her father to enter her for a local talent contest. "I had the biggest flop anyone ever saw on the stage," she said. A week later she went back to the same theatre to sing a comic song. She won the contest hands down. Since then Joan has played in every type of comedy rôle in films and television and claims that she has taken more punishment in comedy rough-and-tumbles than any other female star. Once she had to do a stage burlesque adagio dance with comedian Ben Blue. "That nearly killed me," she recalls. "There was a flight of steps and I did a leap from the top into Ben's arms. But, half the time he'd let me jump and then turn round and talk to the audience while I landed best as I could."

LORRAE DESMOND

LORRAE DESMOND, twenty-six, born in Mittagong, New South Wales, left her job as a Sydney hairdresser after winning a local amateur competition. Trained as a soprano and began singing in night clubs all over Australia. Arrived in Britain in 1952 after having spent six months on a desert island on the Great Barrier Reef with some friends. First job in England was chastening experience. She went to Scunthorpe as a cabaret singer, so she thought, and found she had to sing in a crowded pub packed with miners and beer swilling over the floor. Later she became the first girl singer to appear at the Savoy Hotel, London. Made first TV appearance in 1954 in *In Town Tonight* and, after appearing on the same variety bill as Terry-Thomas, was brought into his act. Has recently completed her own fifteen-minute B.B.C. series, *Meet Lorrae Desmond*. Used to feature her Maltese terrier in her programmes but says, "I had to stop that as he was getting more fan-mail than I was." Lives in Knightsbridge and, despite her training as a desert island native, claims that she cannot even boil an egg.

ALEXANDER GAUGE

ALEXANDER GAUGE, forty-one, weighs twenty stone and finds it pays to be fat. "There's less competition," he says, "there aren't so many fat men as there are lithe, handsome types." Studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and has played at Stratford. Although he has always been fat (fifteen and a half stone as a schoolboy) he was made to pad himself when he played the part of Falstaff in *The Merry Wives Of Windsor*. As Friar Tuck in A-R's *Adventures Of Robin Hood* Gauge is supposed to ride a donkey. "You may notice that only the back view of the rider is shown, because the donkey could not possibly take my weight and I have to get a stand-in to ride it."

MICHAEL INGRAMS

MICHAEL INGRAMS, thirty years old and six feet tall, is made to look smaller when he is interviewing in A-R's *Ground Level*. "It would be ridiculous to tower over the person I'm questioning," he explains. Started life as a journalist earning 35s. a week, then jumped overnight to a job as an actor at £25 per week. Uses both gifts in his *Look In On London, This Week* performances, because he writes and directs his films as well as appearing in them. Since his television début he has carved a niche for himself by being daring and unorthodox. Thought nothing of walking along hundred feet high girder to interview two spider men. "I would never have walked that girder by myself, but with the other chaps up there I felt I must make it," Ingrams says. Really hates heights, having on one occasion fallen off a cliff and crushed both his legs.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON SMITH

GEOFFREY JOHNSON SMITH, thirty-four, born in Glasgow, interviewer in B.B.C.'s *Highlight*, studied at Oxford and then toured the United States Universities (with Robin Day of I.T.N.) in the Oxford University Debating Team. Liked America so much that he stayed there for a time and returned to England with an American psychiatrist wife—"I have had to get used to people warning me to be careful what I say in front of her," says Geoffrey. Early in 1953 he joined the production side of B.B.C. television and was *Highlight* assistant producer when the programme started last year. Has also broadcast on sound in such programmes as *Topic For Tonight* and *The World This Week*. Says that *Highlight* is so topical that often the subject of the programme is not chosen until the last minute. Apart from television, is a councillor on the L.C.C. Lives in Chelsea and has a small house in Buckinghamshire. Likes riding and driving—pet hates are antiquated roads and antiquated drivers.

LIBERACE

LIBERACE, thirty-five year old American pianist, was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, real name is Wladziu Valentino Liberace. From an early age he wanted to do what no one else would do. He played "serious music" on the piano when everyone else was jazz mad, learned to tap-dance because no one else in his school could, and always insisted on wearing a flower in his lapel. "I learned that doing what no one else does is one way to gain distinction," he says. In spite of difficulties like nearly having a poisoned arm amputated in his teens, he was an instant success when, at seventeen, he got a job playing with a symphony orchestra and, later, as soloist for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra; but though he was praised by family, friends and even critics, he felt uneasy —"because the stiffness of such a formal concert kept me from feeling close to my listeners." Under the name of Buster Keys, he started playing in night clubs and he soon had to overcome his pet horror of seeing women smoking and drinking. Liberace gradually started getting more applause than the star of the cabaret and, after his first television appearance in 1952, the studio telephone switchboard was reported to be jammed with calls and "lit up like a Christmas tree." Since then he has become a legend in America and, lately, over here.

JACQUELINE MACKENZIE

JACQUELINE MACKENZIE, twenty-seven, who made her name in B.B.C.'s *Highlight*, is known to viewers as "The Girl Who Makes The Faces." She says she was a terrible baby—"I had eight nannies —none of them could stand me longer than a month." She lived in India until she was six and then came to England to school, where she was very much the hearty, sporting type, and played lacrosse for Scotland. In spite of this, she wanted to become an actress. "My mother told me when I left school that I was too fat and heavy and sent me to be trained as a journalist. One of the first jobs I got was to interview a repertory company producer. I left the interview with a job as an actress." First real television work came when she was picked as the girl investigator in Gilbert Harding's programme, *Harding Finds Out;* she had to scurry about the country and find the answers to questions. Now seen regularly in *Highlight*.

KENNETH MACLEOD

KENNETH MACLEOD, thirty, white-haired since the age of seventeen, left school with the intention of reading for the Bar, but half-way through his studies decided to become an actor. On his demob from the army he returned to the theatre and played in the West End production *Simon And Laura*. Joined A-R last year and was chosen to act as host in *Morning Magazine*. Since then Macleod has graduated through fashion shows, discussion programmes and *Close Up* to one of television's plum jobs—panel chairman of *My Wildest Dream*, and panelist in *I've Got A Secret*. Lives in a converted coach house in Richmond with his actress-wife, Diane Hart.

NEXT WEEK · SIR MORTIMER WHEELER INTRODUCES ANOTHER

SHINE ON YOUR SCREEN

GLENN MELVYN

GLENN MELVYN, star of A-R's serial *I'm Not Bothered*, was born in Manchester, son of a half-Scottish, half-French mother and Russian father. As a child, Glenn used to have a part in his father's variety acts. Became a drummer-vocalist and then toured in repertory, where he started writing plays. So unsure was he of the London success of his North country play *The Love Match*, that he bought himself a return ticket from Manchester before he set out. "It was not until I was certain of its success that I handed the return half in," says Glenn. Is married and lives with wife, Joan and two children, Janine and David, in Kingston-on-Thames.

CLIFF MICHELMORE

CLIFF MICHELMORE, thirty-six year old freelance broadcaster, was born in Cowes, Isle of Wight, and trained as an engineer. Began broadcasting with the British Forces Network in Germany while a Squadron Leader in the R.A.F. Says he was taken on purely on the strength of his prowess as a footballer. He was put on to sports broadcasts at once. Is married to disc-jockey Jean Metcalfe whom he "met" over the air in *Two Way Family Favourites*: he was introducing records from Germany and she from London. Is now seen mostly in B.B.C.'s *Highlight*.

SPIKE MILLIGAN

SPIKE MILLIGAN, thirty - eight years old, star of B.B.C. *Goon Show* and writer of *A Show Called Fred* and its successor, *Son Of Fred*, was born in India, christened Terence Alan Patrick Sean. "My father was a soldier and my mother was his wife," he explains. First job (at 13s. a week) was a mechanic in a nuts and bolts factory. Sacked because he was continually fusing all the lights and plunging the works into darkness. Then followed work as van boy, stationery salesman, trumpeter with a band, scrubber in a laundry and trumpeter without a band. In army did troop concerts, with Harry Secombe, and after the war they worked on the scripts of the *Goon Show* which brought them both fame. Is also composer of "Goon" type records such as "I'm Walking Backwards For Christmas." His recipe for writing a top song is "Get a man who can't sing, a man who can't play the piano and simply put it on disc by a record company who are frightened out of their lives." Is married, with two children.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE, fifty-two, interviewer for B.B.C., is editor of *Punch*—a forceful journalist and a caustic, if mannered, speaker. He was the prime mover in organizing the protest meeting against the visit of Bulganin and Kruschev earlier this year and spoke at length in support of his objections. Muggeridge is not yet bored with the fame that has burst on him through television after thirty years of journalism. "Sometimes I feel an intense shame at the exhibitionism of appearing on television. But it does give expression to the ham actor in one."

JOAN RANDALL

JOAN RANDALL, twenty-six, co-star of A.T.V.'s domestic team *Joan And Leslie*, went to drama school and, as a straight actress, toured in repertory, where she met husband Leslie in Darlington. "We played together for five months and hated each other like poison." Leslie telephoned her months later and they must have forgotten their dislike of each other because they got married. Joan says that Leslie always laughs at her when she tells him how, before she met him, she used to rough it. "When I was touring with the Osiris Company we had to live in caravans for months," says Joan, "but Leslie insists on reminding me that they were converted Rolls-Royce vans and luxuriously fitted converted mobile ambulances." They have one daughter, Susan, aged four.

LESLIE RANDALL

LESLIE RANDALL, thirty-six year old, six-feet-tall husband in A.T.V. domestic comedy serial *Joan And Leslie*, was born in South Shields. It was during his R.A.F. days that he decided he would like to take up acting as a career. After twelve months at a drama school he went on tour and it was while he was at Darlington Rep. that he first met his wife. After varying fortune, Leslie decided to try his luck in London and he spent his last year of bachelorhood in a tiny fifth floor garret off Tottenham Court Road. At the end of the year he had got as far as demonstrating electric razors in a large store. Since then, Leslie reckons he has been "discovered" at least fifteen times, but his first important success was as compère in Henry Hall's *Music Hall* and later, *Face The Music*.

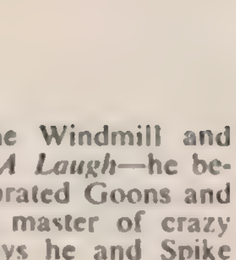
EDNA SAVAGE

EDNA SAVAGE, twenty, five foot one inch singing star from Warrington, Lancs, left school at fifteen and began work as telephonist, singing with a local dance band in the evening. Too much work leading to a breakdown made her decide to concentrate on singing. Failed her first B.B.C. audition in Manchester and was turned down by H.M.V., but, undeterred, she managed to get a broadcast with the Northern Variety Orchestra in September, 1954, following this up with a weekly series *Easy To Remember*. Recording success followed and she made her TV début in April, 1955, in *Show Case*. Since then has appeared in *Starlight* and *The Frankie Howerd Show*. Last year Edna signed a B.B.C. contract and appears in *Music For Romance*.

PETER SELLERS

PETER SELLERS, thirty, star of A-R's *Son Of Fred* and B.B.C.'s *Goon Show*, was born into a theatrical family—father and seven uncles were all in show business. Had his first part in a film at the age of five. At fifteen he was stage manager to his Uncle Alf at Ilfracombe, then—via Ralph Reader's R.A.F. *Gang Show*, non-stop revue at the Windmill and five years with *Ray's A Laugh*—he became one of the celebrated Goons and gained recognition as master of crazy comedy. Most Sundays he and Spike Milligan go to London Zoo to study the antics and expressions of the monkeys. "We go to get inspiration from the monkeys, but I think it always ends up with the monkeys getting inspiration from us," he says. Is married to former actress Anne Hayes and has a two-year-old son. Live in house which they have christened "St. Fred's." Is a mechanical maniac and this has caused him to change his car forty-five times in seven years trying to get the right one. He regards himself less as a comedian than an actor playing comedy rôles.

ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD



ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD, thirty-five, star of many film and TV comedies, used to play the "screwball" in B.B.C.'s afternoon series *Eleanor Summerfield Finds Out*. Says she did not find it difficult doing everything wrong. "The more things that went wrong, the better television," her producer, Ann Shead, told her. Is married to producer-actor Leonard Sachs and says that she would rather shoot her two small sons than let them become actors—a point of view she forcibly put to Portland Mason's mother, Pamela Kellino, in a recent programme. Though usually a comedienne, she enjoys serious parts. "It's fun for me to be funny, but just as much fun to be very unfunny."

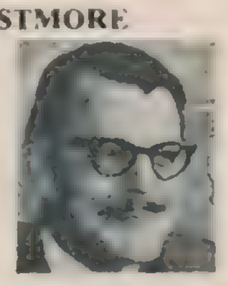
ANNE VALERY

ANNE VALERY, twenty - nine, London born, claims a world record. She has worked for more departments of television, than anyone else. "I fought my way into television," she says. "I sat on the doorstep of Television House, waiting for auditions, while the workmen moved in." Since then she has become A.-R.'s "Personality Girl" and compèred fashion shows, introduced programmes, interviewed, appeared in plays and advertising programmes. Before television she had been a night convoy driver in the A.T.S., lecturer in modern art, theatrical dress designer, assistant mechanic on a yacht, script-writer, secretary to a B.B.C. variety producer, interior decorator, model for Dior and Fath (measurements 38½-22-34) and cabaret dancer in top London and Paris nightclubs. In spite of all this Anne claims she is lazy. "My idea of the perfect hobby is sitting down and doing absolutely nothing," she says.

JACK WEBB

JACK WEBB, thirty-five, born in the heart of the Los Angeles slums, was, eight years ago, an unknown news announcer working on a San Francisco radio station. Seven years ago he was an even more anonymous Hollywood film extra. Today, as Sergeant Joe Friday in U.S.A. and A.-R.'s television series *Dragnet*, he is known to millions of viewers and the programme has won more awards than any other programme of its type in the history of broadcasting and television. To learn about police work, Webb got permission to accompany a detective on his daily motor patrol and sat in the back of a police car every night for weeks listening to the reports of crime coming over the radio. His hobbies are music and *Dragnet*. "I am usually at the studio from about twelve–fourteen hours each day," he says. Is married and has two children.

MICHAEL WESTMORE



MICHAEL WESTMORE, thirty-six year old Head of Light Entertainment for A.-R. and "link-man" for the programme, *This Week*, started his career in the entertainment field while at Cambridge University. In the *Cambridge Footlights* review he made his name among his fellow students with his impersonations of Hermione Gingold. "My secret was that I was carefully coached by her son, Stephen Joseph," he admits. After six years with the Lancashire Fusiliers, he appeared at the Players Theatre in London and in review and pantomime, and later started to broadcast and televise. As Head of Children's Programmes for A.-R., said that children should regard television as a special treat. Says the most amazing show he ever produced was *Jokers Wild* with the Crazy Gang. "They threw everything everywhere," he said, "even at the cameras." Is married, lives in Sunbury-on-Thames and has a ten-year-old stepson.

JIMMY WHEELER

JIMMY WHEELER, forty - six year old, Battersea-born comedian, has been in show business since the age of five when he appeared in pantomime at the Battersea Palace. At the age of nine was already a star of silent films, and at eighteen he joined his father, an old-time variety artist, for a double variety act under the name of Wheeler and Wilson. Early memories of the stage include his part in *The Trial Of Mary Dugan* in which he was a juryman. He lost it because, on a warm evening, he fell asleep during the court scene. In spite of making one of the first TV appearances on record—on a test transmission for Baird in 1932—Jimmy had to wait a long time for success, nearly giving up the stage on many occasions. "My life has been one series of overcoming mistakes and hard luck—by hard work," he says. First broadcast in 1949 and made his first TV appearance in 1950 in *Rooftop Rendezvous*. Since then has made over 400 broadcasts and had his own *Jimmy Wheeler Show* on TV.

WOODROW WYATT

WOODROW WYATT, aged thirty-eight, former Socialist M.P. and Under - Secretary for War in the Labour Government, has become in twelve months B.B.C.'s most controversial commentator. For *Panorama* he has travelled to four continents and included a day trip to New York for a single interview. Has been attacked by a mob in Algiers and threatened with violence from Austin car workers. "I try to present what I see and what I hear as objectively as possible, whether the people to whom it is addressed like it or not," he says. Caused a furore with his blunt appeal to members of the A.E.U. to "discard apathy" and vote to keep out the Communists from their union. He is first to admit that he is now exercising more influence in public affairs than he did as an M.P. or junior Minister. He says: "I get many more letters and calls. People know me and stop me in the street." He pines to return to the Commons.

Tessie O'Shea and Jimmy Wheeler star in the B.B.C. Saturday night variety shows

David Copperfield has won a top rating as the B.B.C.'s current mid-week serial

Jack Payne interviews Anne Shelton in his show *Off The Record*

Richard Dimbleby, *Panorama* compère, is a top B.B.C. personality

THE BBC V

Both sides are bringing up in the battle for popularit

IT isn't easy to get a straight comparison of the relative popularity of the B.B.C. and ITV programmes, because the opposing sides use different methods to pick the winners. So in addition to the official ratings (extreme left for the B.B.C., and extreme right for ITV) JOHN BULL asked three stars from each side to pick *their* top five.

The official B.B.C. list is not in any particular order: it shows the ten most popular programmes.

B.B.C. television audience research is based not on how many people watch specific programmes, as it is with ITV, but upon audience *reaction*.

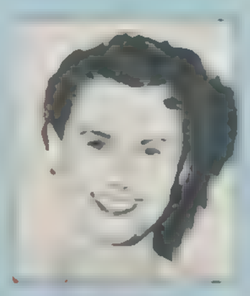
The B.B.C. has a team of trained interviewers who question 2,800 people every day, seven days a week. They are out to determine audience opinion of the programmes, which when compiled provide the highly secret B.B.C. Reaction Index. The researchers ask what programmes were seen the previous day, and offer a choice of five reactions.

They are: A plus ("Can't remember when I've

THE B.B.C.'s TOP TEN

SUNDAY NIGHT PLAY
SATURDAY NIGHT VARIETY
WHAT'S MY LINE?
PANORAMA
THE GROVE FAMILY
ASK PICKLES
SATURDAY NIGHT SERIAL
THIS IS YOUR LIFE
SATURDAY NIGHT OUT
AMATEUR BOXING

THREE B.B.C. STARS PICK THEIR FAVOURITES



Lady Barnett

PANORAMA
CIRCUSES
SUNDAY PLAYS
BILLY COTTON SHOW
JANE EYRE

Peter West

PANORAMA
WHAT'S MY LINE?
THIS IS YOUR LIFE
SUNDAY PLAYS
SATURDAY NIGHT OUT

Carole Carr

PANORAMA
SUNDAY PLAY
SATURDAY VARIETY
CIRCUSES
THIS IS SHOW BUSINESS

ITV's Goon show *Son Of Fred* has no competitors on television

Jerry Desmonde conducts *The 64,000 Question*—an ITV quiz show

Tommy Trinder and Liberace appeared together in ITV's Sunday Palladium show

One of ITV's most popular adventure series is *Robin Hood*, starring Richard Greene

ERSUS ITV

heir big names and big shows
this winter—and next year

enjoyed a programme so much"); A ("Very glad I didn't miss this"); B ("Pleasant, satisfactory programme"); C ("Didn't care for it much . . . thought viewing a waste of time") and C minus ("Disliked it very much").

On the basis of these questions, the B.B.C. reveals that its top programmes in the past year are those each having an audience of ten million viewers, with a high "reaction rating."

The serial mentioned in the B.B.C. list is the Francis Durbridge thriller serial, *My Friend Charles*. To follow up this success, the B.B.C. are now running a new thirteen-part Francis Durbridge serial, *The Other Man*.

T.A.M.—Television Audience Measurement—the system used by ITV to assess the most popular programmes on its networks, lists the top ten Commercial TV shows in their order of popularity in the London Region. The rating for the north and Midlands varies a little, because of regional shows.

THREE ITV STARS CHOOSE THEIR WINNERS

Michael Miles

I LOVE LUCY
DRAGNET
LONDON PALLADIUM
GUN LAW
BOXING

Hughie Green

LONDON PALLADIUM
GUN LAW
TAKE YOUR PICK
I LOVE LUCY
THEATRE ROYAL

Jerry Desmonde

LONDON PALLADIUM
I LOVE LUCY
GUN LAW
DRAGNET
TAKE YOUR PICK

THE ITV TOP TEN

CRAZY GANG
DRAGNET
LONDON PALLADIUM
GUN LAW
PLAY GEMS
SAILOR OF FORTUNE
ASSIGNMENT FOREIGN LEGION
MANTRAP
BOB CUMMINGS SHOW
TAKE YOUR PICK

BRIGHTER AND BETTER TV SHOWS

THE second Christmas of commercial television will see a changed pattern of programmes on both B.B.C. and ITV channels. Out go the jumped-up celebrities with overnight reputations; sloppy programme timings; little minority experiments; coy flops like the B.B.C.'s dedication of a complete evening to the First Elizabethan Age; and avuncular talking down to bemused novice viewers.

In comes a determined attempt by the B.B.C. to match ITV's brashness and imagination; all-out reliance by both B.B.C. and ITV on the audience-pulling power of "star" names; and the realization by programme planners that viewers have grown up faster, in many cases, than the shows they have been offered.

This November the B.B.C. estimates that it will reach ninety-seven per cent of Britain's population; with this potential audience, programme appeal must be wide enough to hold viewers in every area of the country.

The advent of the network system by ITV, which allows the same programmes to be screened in London, Midlands and Lancashire simultaneously, has made programme planners aware that, while many shows must include regional artists and have a regional flavour, they must be strong enough in interest to have a *national* appeal. The fact that ITV no longer has a purely localized audience is now the most important consideration facing programme chiefs in preparing their shows.

The film industry has at last made its peace with television—although it is often cautious as to how far it can co-operate. It supports both the B.B.C.'s *Picture Parade* and ITV's *Film Fanfare* and *Close-Up* programmes by providing film extracts and movie personalities; at present, television expresses its gratitude for film industry co-operation by remaining sympathetic in what it says critically about film stars and their films. It is careful not to offend film companies; this autumn, for example, A.B.C. Television planned to network on Saturday evening from the Birmingham studios a film quiz programme called *Win Your Way To Hollywood*, which would be the prize for fortunate contestants. Strong complaints from film companies, however, that a show of such appeal to picturegoers might keep them out of cinemas, resulted in the programme being cancelled. When film producers overcome their fear of television, as they must obviously do, viewers can expect more film review programmes containing criticisms that pull no punches.

Panel games, too, on both channels are assuming a new dimension—audience participation. In programmes like *Number Please*, where an essential element is the live telephone quiz with viewers, a technique has been evolved which increases contact between the programme and the viewer at home.

Other modifications since ITV began include more programmes of British origin, the understanding that serious programmes need not be dull, and the wholesale raiding of B.B.C. stars. While the B.B.C. keeps its big names secure by long-term contracts, it is by no means relying exclusively on its regular and established stars.

Jack Benny, who made such an impact with his "live" programme while in Britain this summer, was promptly signed for a filmed comedy series. Victor Borge, whose TV appearances in America make him the highest paid television performer in the world, is also scheduled for more B.B.C. shows next year; the B.B.C. is, in fact, looking more than ever to America for big names.

What are the likely trends for future programmes during this winter and spring of next year? As television demands change so rapidly, some forecasts are difficult to make, but here are the experts' reading of the signs:

HOW THE STARS LINE UP

These are the top-line teams of the B.B.C. and ITV, made up of the stars under *exclusive* contracts. If viewers want to see them, they have to tune to the appropriate channel: as part of the big fight between the networks they are not allowed to appear on the rival channel.

B.B.C. ELEVEN

GILBERT HARDING
JACK PAYNE
WILFRED PICKLES
VICTOR SILVESTER
VERA LYNN
MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE
CHRIS CHATAWAY
SIR MORTIMER WHEELER
WOODROW WYATT
RICHARD DIMBLEBY
EAMONN ANDREWS

ITV ELEVEN

LUCILLE BALL
PETER SELLERS
SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI
GODFREY WINN
RICHARD GREENE
ARTHUR ASKEY
TOMMY TRINDER
McDONALD HOBLEY
JACK JACKSON
SIR ROBERT BOOTHBY
TED RAY

VARIETY

LIGHT entertainment has so proved its popularity and pulling-power that both B.B.C. and ITV will spend more money than ever to provide top stars. The next development of longer variety programmes are shows patterned on American "spectaculars" which have often run as long as ninety minutes of continuous entertainment. In humour, the success of the Peter Sellers *Goon* series must result in much more of this type of "Beachcomber" show and less dependence on standard gag or situation comedy. The "Sons of Fred" did *not* come from music hall, and future television comics are just as likely to develop directly from TV shows using similar techniques. This type of humour is the only original contribution television has so far produced. Most of the established comedians, like Ted Ray and Tommy Trinder, still rely upon their music hall acts, but there is no doubt that, as competition from Goonery humour increases, they will have to vary their approach and create new material.

The B.B.C. is creating a trend in the *Yana* show by including comedy routines, filmed in America, by Sid Caesar and included in the "live" presentation; this is an important development. It will be used extensively in the future, especially for "speciality" acts, like jugglers, dancers and acrobats, whose importance to variety shows increases. Eighteen months ago, the B.B.C.'s *Café Continental* was the only show regularly using talented speciality acts. Now they are featured on both channels every night of the week.

DOCUMENTARIES

THE biggest step forward in documentary features has been the discovery that real people, doing real things, rather than actors in dramatized situations, have greater impact and conviction.

Some programmes still survive in the old form; A.-R.'s dramatization of wartime spy stories, *Mantrap*, is one of them, but in presenting this series ITV is merely using the old scripts it bought before the new technique evolved. The trend now is entirely in the direction of actuality; the B.B.C.'s news-magazine programme, *Panorama*, and A.-R.'s *This Week* rely upon it exclusively.

By tackling a current or controversial problem through the experiences of the people concerned, and photographing them in natural and familiar location backgrounds, a great advance is made in giving the viewer a sense of immediacy and contact with what is going on.

This trend has been developed by interviewers, like A.-R.'s Michael Ingrams, with programmes such as *Look In On London*, now extending its viewpoint to cover topics of more national interest (again the influence of networking) in the series *Look Out On London*.

Woodrow Wyatt and Chris Chataway will continue in *Panorama*, but Malcolm Muggeridge feels he is being "gagged" and not given sufficient opportunity.

A new experiment to start people talking about current affairs are the ITV thirty-minute documentaries, presented from time to time. These have dealt with problems like income tax expense accounts and teenage fans. The problems are made graphic by devoting the first half to a film presentation of the various aspects and the second half to a studio discussion by people affected, and ending with a direct question to the viewer. The high audience figures for these programmes indicate that more may be expected.

DRAMA

COMPARED with a few years ago, there are now four times as many plays in the B.B.C. schedules. ITV has concentrated on presentation of many short thirty-minute plays, and the B.B.C. has followed the trend, scoring with serials. Its success with *Jane Eyre* and *David Copperfield* means a run on the classics in the future, with *Oliver Twist*, *Vanity Fair* and *Robinson Crusoe* high on the list. In these serials

WHEN SHALL WE SEE COLOUR TV?

ALTHOUGH it will be three years before colour television programmes begin in Britain, the B.B.C. is able to transmit a colour system, of low standard, within six months.

In colour TV, the B.B.C. is well ahead of commercial networks; ITV's "subjective colour" transmission two months ago (September) is regarded by experts merely as a stunt to gain publicity for ITV research. The experiment was, in fact, an optical illusion. The effect of a colour picture was obtained by manipulating an advertising picture at different degrees of brightness.

Here is a viewers' question-and-answer on colour television:

How soon will colour TV be a practical reality in Britain?

Certainly not before the end of 1959. First, the specific transmission system must be determined and perfected. The most likely one is in limited use in the United States. It is called the "compatible" colour system.

Briefly, how does it operate?

By the American "compatible" system, colour signals are added to the existing black-and-white picture now transmitted—and sent simultaneously.

Is the quality of the picture as good as now obtained with black and white?

No. The "interleaving" of colour signals with existing black-and-white signals has, so far, caused a deterioration in picture quality and other effects which still have to be coped with. This is one of the big problems that must be overcome, and much of the intense research now in progress is directed towards dealing with it.

Will existing TV sets be any use when colour transmissions begin?

The benefit of the "compatible" colour system is that black-and-white pictures can be received on existing sets. If this is the system finally adopted, if technical problems of transmission are satisfactorily overcome, and if the standard of colour pictures turns out to be good, no new sets will be needed—although special tubes will be manufactured which will improve reception. Experimental sets have already been manufactured specially for colour, but the high price makes them unfeasible for commercial production.

How much do they cost?

About £300. In the United States, at present, the cheapest colour TV sets sell at about £175, which is more than twice the cost of a normal set. One company — Du Mont — has, however, announced that it will be able to produce colour sets at comparable black-and-white prices next year.

What is happening in America now in colour TV?

At present, two of the major networks using the "compatible" colour system transmit together about ten hours of colour programmes—mostly variety and ninety-minute "spectacular" variety and musical productions. Reception is good, but generally below the standard of black-and-white pictures. There are an estimated 125,000 "luxury" colour receivers in use, compared with more than 30 million black-and-white receivers.

Is it worth waiting for colour before buying a TV set?

Despite big technical advances in transmission equipment and set manufacturing, colour TV in Britain is still far away. At present, it must still be regarded as the next major TV advance —in the future.

A DIRECT LINK-UP WITH AMERICA

VIEWERS in Britain may expect to see a picture received direct from American television programmes within the next three or four months. This will not be the result of any formal transatlantic TV exchange, but will be due solely to "freak" conditions in the atmosphere.

A "ghost" image has already been seen in Britain as a result of strange atmospheric conditions, and this is how it has been possible. In certain circumstances—chiefly when the density of the ionosphere over the Atlantic Ocean makes it easier to reflect TV signals—the beams have been found to bend and return to earth over three thousand miles from the transmitter.

American receiver sets have been installed by the B.B.C. in Kent and at Alexandra Palace, and a monitor staff has been alerted twenty-four hours a day to pick up and re-transmit "live" any worthwhile pictures. Experts are optimistic that a signal will be picked up during the next four months, because it is a period of greater sunspot activity, which will increase the density of the ionosphere, making it more likely for U.S. television signals to bend and be received here.

These experiments, it must be emphasized, are the first freak attempts at British and U.S. television relay. It is likely to be six or seven years at the earliest before any regular transatlantic exchange of programmes can be contemplated.

This will be facilitated by the telephone cable which has been run along the bed of the Atlantic Ocean and which is now in use. This will permit programmes to be transmitted from America "live," thus establishing an intercontinental link in the same way as the present relay between Britain and Europe.

Christmas is expected to see a new development in Eurovision, but plans are so far being kept secret by the B.B.C. It is likely to be a Christmas Day link between Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Switzerland and Italy in a goodwill programme which will become a TV tradition in the same way as the B.B.C.'s sound radio link with the world.

the B.B.C. has a clear lead, and one of the reasons drama chiefs are keen to continue them is that they provide an audience lure week after week.

Look for more science-fiction adventures. The B.B.C.'s *Quatermass* series and ITV's latest, *The Strange World Of Planet X*, despite its ineffectual plot, point the way to the start of a big science-fiction trend.

Programmes like *Robin Hood*, *The Count Of Monte Cristo*, *The Buccaneers And Sir Launcelot*, the first of the complete-in-one-episode serials, are television's direct equivalent of the comic strip. For many reasons the number of these comic-strip shows, with a new and wider range of characters, must surely increase. They are filmed, take no "live" studio space, can be repeated if necessary, and are often sold to the United States.

The success of the B.B.C.'s recent *Flight Into Danger*, which was a telerecording of a Canadian TV play, has set the pattern of more drama series of Canadian origin.

ITV has found a bigger audience for more serious plays than it at first thought existed, and, consequently, serious drama figures more prominently in future programme plans. Past fiascos, like fading out the last lines of *Hamlet*, are unlikely to be repeated.

MUSIC

ONE of TV's biggest failures, by both B.B.C. and ITV, has been in the presentation of music, including serious music and modern popular music. The reason has little to do with musical appreciation; it is the realization that music is just not "good television"—there is, basically, nothing to see. A reduction in programmes seems likely, with the B.B.C.'s Sunday afternoon concert a probable early victim. In the "pop" music field, the success of the Jack Payne and Jack Jackson gramophone record programmes is due not to the strength of its visual appeal but mainly because there is great viewer interest in seeing recording vocalists; these programmes will last as long as the present "pop" music boom. The dramatic use of lighting and camera work in music programmes of Ted Heath and his orchestra is certain to be copied.

SPORT

BOTH channels have, by experience, reached the conclusion that sporting events have less success than in the early days of TV; only top sporting events draw big audiences. The cost of transmitting sporting events from outside broadcast locations is so high that ITV, in its present emphasis on financial economy, is cutting down on the number of sport telecasts and conceding this field to the B.B.C. in the immediate future. A big trend is the increase in telecasts and interest in horse-racing events, and attempts are being made to have horse-racing available almost every afternoon of the week.

Although most commercial television companies expect to be out of the red by the middle of next year at the latest, ITV, in staff, research and programme costing, is penny-pinching in direct contrast to its early days when, as executives admit, money was frittered away. The B.B.C., on the other hand, is emerging from its traditional tight-fisted attitude and is hoping that money will talk in helping it keep its vast viewing audience.

EIGHT PRODUCERS TO FOLLOW

JUST as the racing tipsters at the beginning of a season give betting men a list of horses to follow, here is a list of producers to follow. Their offerings for the winter may not always come up to expectations, but on past form these are the men (and women) who should produce the winners. Four of them are from the B.B.C. stable and four from Commercial: Julian Amyes, Rudolph Cartier, Caryl Doncaster, Francis Essex, Peter Hunt, Dick Lester, John Moxey, Brian Tesler.

How you can get on Television

PROGRAMME	WHERE TO WRITE	TYPE OF SHOW	REWARDS
BEAT THE CLOCK Sunday	Associated Television Ltd. Ask for tickets for Sunday night show at the Palladium. Competitors chosen from audience. Must be married.	Competitors have to do tricks, play games, etc., within a time limit.	Range from alarm clock to television set or washing machine.
THE 64,000 QUESTION Saturday	Associated Television Ltd. Give details of extensive knowledge of one particular subject (but not a subject connected with occupation). Chosen after audition.	Double or quits quiz.	Range from £3 4s. to £3,520.
DO YOU TRUST YOUR WIFE? Tuesdays	Associated Television Ltd. Give a few personal details. Must be married. Selected after brief interview.	Domestic questions followed by general knowledge questions. Both husband and wife appear.	Range from £5 to £2 a week for life.
DOUBLE YOUR MONEY Wednesdays	Associated-Rediffusion Ltd. Give details of knowledge of one particular subject, or ask for tickets for studio audience. Half the competitors chosen after interview from letters and half of them are chosen from studio audience.	Quiz programme—double or quits system. Competitors can return week after week and either double their winnings or lose them.	Range from £1 to £1,024.
TAKE YOUR PICK Fridays	Arlington Radio and Television Ltd., 160 Piccadilly, W.1. Ask for tickets for studio audience. Michael Miles, who runs the programme, has competitions before show starts to choose competitors.	Competitor answers questions. If wrong, he drops out, if right, he goes on.	Successful contestant can auction key to a box or take contents. Prizes range from a pin to a modern car.
MAKE UP YOUR MIND Mondays	Granada. General application. Competitors chosen after interview.	Can bring advisor along. Competitor is shown an object and has to guess if it is worth more than a certain amount of money.	Range from 2s. 6d. to £60.
SPOT THE TUNE Thursdays	Granada. Selected after interview with producer. Knowledge of music required.	Competitors have to answer questions on music. If answer is correct, they take next question, if wrong, they drop out. Jackpot grows if not won.	Range from £21 to £100 if jackpot not won.
MY WILDEST DREAM Tuesdays	Granada. Give details of particular dream. Interviewed by producer.	Panel try to guess the dream by asking questions.	None. Expenses paid.
NUMBER PLEASE Sundays	A.B.C. On postcard giving telephone number.	In each programme, a house is telephoned — person who answers telephone has to name three tunes.	One long-playing record or equivalent in money for each correct answer.
FILM FANFARE Saturdays	A.B.C. Give details of occupation, age and serious criticism of one film. For each programme twelve letter-writers are chosen and invited to spend a day at Elstree Film Studios (expenses paid). Their knowledge of films is tested and the four winners appear on the programme.	Film quiz.	Free passes to films. Length of free pass ranges from month to a year.
BID FOR FAME Sundays	A.B.C. Television Studios, Didsbury, Manchester, 20. Must have definite talent. Write on a postcard asking for audition and stating details of talent and experience.	Nation-wide talent competition for people hoping to make a career in entertainment world. Different location each week in Midlands and North.	Constructive help with career—i.e. auditions arranged, etc.
WHAT'S MY LINE? Sundays	Leslie Jackson, B.B.C. Give details of occupation. Selected after interview.	Selected person has to mime occupation before a panel and answer questions.	None. Expenses paid.
ASK PICKLES Fridays	B.B.C. State particular thing you would like to see or hear.		None.
ALL YOUR OWN Sundays Children's Hour	Miss Joanne Symons, B.B.C. Must be between twelve and sixteen years of age and have an original hobby, done something of interest to interest other children, etc. Interviewed, if letter chosen, at nearest B.B.C. centre.	Show on the screen invention, talent, etc.	None. Expenses paid.
IN TOWN TONIGHT BBC Sound and TV Saturday	Peter Duncan, B.B.C., Aeolian Hall, 135 New Bond Street, W.1. State story, preferably of topical interest, which might be suitable for programme, e.g. returning to London having hitch-hiked round Europe. Can write about self or suggest someone else. Person concerned must be in London on the Saturday.	Interview.	"Very small" expense fee paid.
INVENTORS' CLUB Irregular performances	Leslie Hardern, B.B.C. Give details and enclose model drawing of invention. Inventor and work seen and invention often sent to expert to advise on merit.	Demonstrate invention.	None. Expenses paid.
IS THIS YOUR PROBLEM?	Miss E. Romney, B.B.C. Give details of problem.	Invited to studio after interview and panel of experts discuss problem.	
TOP TOWN Monthly on Monday BBC	Your local council. Each town arranges own team of talent, and auditions are arranged by local authorities. Producer of programme attends final auditions and decides whether talent suitable for television performance.	Talent competition between towns.	
THE SMOKEY CLUB BBC	Broadcasting House, Queen Margaret Drive, Glasgow, W.2. Must possess an unusual pet—e.g. well-trained animal, able to do tricks, etc., or one which has a definite "character."	Owner and pet interviewed on programme.	

Associated Rediffusion Ltd., Television House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.
Associated Television Ltd., Television House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.
Granada Television Ltd., Granada House, Water Street, Manchester, 3.
A.B.C. Television Ltd., Film House, 142 Wardour Street, London, W.1.
B.B.C Television Centre, Wood Lane, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

Addresses not in this list are given in full in the table. Expenses are always paid if they amount to more than a shilling or two.

WHAT THE ABBREVIATIONS MEAN

In this supplement and elsewhere, the viewer is faced with a bewildering profusion of initials. Here is what they mean:

A.B.C.	Associated British Cinemas (Television) Ltd., Midland, Lancashire and Yorkshire weekend ITV programme contractors.
A.-R.	Associated Rediffusion Ltd., London weekday ITV programme contractors.
A.T.V.	Associated Television Ltd., London weekend and Midland weekdays ITV programme contractors.
B.B.C.	British Broadcasting Corporation.
GRANADA	Granada TV Network, Lancashire and Yorkshire weekday ITV programme contractors.
I.T.A.	Independent Television Authority, responsible to Parliament for ITV.
I.T.N.	Independent Television News, which is carried on all ITV channels.
ITV	Independent (i.e. Commercial) Television.
O.B.	Outside Broadcast.

THE CONTROLS OF YOUR SET

Since the television manufacturers have not by any means agreed upon a universal term for each of the many controls in a receiver, it is inevitable that confusion will arise when a control is referred to by a certain name and the viewer finds that on his particular set the control is termed quite differently. For this reason a list of alternative names is given so that the controls mentioned in the Faults Chart can be identified on the viewer's own receiver.

Brightness	Brilliance, Light.
Contrast	Shade.
Frame Hold	Frame Lock, Frame Speed, Vertical Hold, Vertical Lock.
Frame Linearity	Vertical Linearity, Vertical Form, Frame Form.
Height	Frame Amplitude, Picture Height.
Line Hold	Line Speed, Line Lock, Horizontal Hold, Horizontal Lock.
Selector	Station, Channel Selector, Programme, Switch Selector.
Station Tuning	Tuning, Tuner, Oscillator Tuning, Fine Tuning, Sound, Sound Tuning Adjustment.
Vision Limiter	Black Spotter, Picture Tone Suppressor, Vision Noise Limiter, White Spot Limiter, Vision Suppressor.
Width	Line Amplitude, Picture Width.

When something goes wrong . . .

THE FAULT	THE CAUSE	WHAT TO DO
Blacks and whites of picture too fierce, i.e. soot and whitewash effect	Picture is being over-driven	Reduce CONTRAST control
Picture is flat and "anaemic"	Picture is being under-driven	Advance CONTRAST control
Screen has overall greyness, and blacks appear as dark grey	General screen illumination too high	Reduce BRIGHTNESS control
Picture not sharp	Focus not adjusted correctly	Adjust FOCUS control for maximum sharpness of the fine horizontal lines of which the picture is composed
Picture jumping up and down or revolving	Frame speed is incorrect	Adjust FRAME HOLD
Screen is just a confused jumble, possibly resembling a wicker-work effect	Line speed is incorrect	Adjust LINE HOLD
Black border at top and bottom of screen	Frame scan is insufficient	Increase HEIGHT control
Black border on either side of screen	Line scan is insufficient	Increase WIDTH control
Circle on the Tuning Signal is gated	Aspect ratio is incorrect	Adjust HEIGHT and WIDTH controls until circle is round.
Black bars across picture coinciding with speech or music.	Sound is breaking through to the vision.	Adjust STATION TUNING control or SELECTOR
Severe white spots on picture	Local traffic or machine interference is being picked up	Advance VISION LIMITER control
Whites of picture are grey and patchy	VISION LIMITER control is too far advanced	Reduce control until whites of picture *just* not affected
Numerous fine black lines floating diagonally across the screen	Radio frequency interference is being received from other transmitters or from a neighbouring television receiver	If persistent, call in the G.P.O.
Everything in the picture is duplicated—a second, but weaker, image appearing on the right of the original	A ghost image is being received due to reflection from a gasometer or tall building	Fit a directional aerial or try altering angle and position of existing one
No picture, white horizontal or vertical line only	Breakdown fault has occurred in line or frame circuit	Switch off *immediately* to avoid ruining screen material and call in service engineer

WARNING: Where it is necessary to remove the back cover of the receiver in order to make an adjustment, the mains plug must be removed from its socket (just switching off *is not enough*) and three or four minutes allowed for high voltage condensers to discharge before proceeding.

How to qualify for a television career behind the scenes

JOB	Male or Female	WHAT IT INVOLVES	START	EXPERIENCE/EDUCATION NEEDED	*B.B.C. SALARIES
PRODUCER	M/F.	Arranging programmes. In charge of everyone connected with programme.	Trainee producer. Asst. producer.	Preferably university graduate. Experience in theatre or films valuable.	£1,320—£2,100
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT	M/F.	Producer's "right hand." Often takes rehearsals. Gets film location sites. Does research work, etc.	Production Secretary or Floor Manager. Outside experience in theatre.	Good education, preferably university graduate.	£1,060—£1,360
PRODUCTION SECRETARY	F.	Sits by producer in control room and passes on his instructions to crew. Also does secretarial work.	Secretary.	Good general and secretarial education. Should have interest in entertainment world.	£560—£750
FLOOR MANAGER	M.	Responsible for running production on the studio floor. Supervises scene changes. Responsible for smooth running.	Assistant floor manager. Start with small shows.	Good general education. Experience in stage management in theatre.	£930—£1,200
SECRETARY	F.	Secretarial work, attached to special television department.	Junior Secretary.	Good general education. Secretarial training.	£437—£675
TECH. OPS. MANAGER	M.	Head of technical crew. Responsible for all technical staff on programme.	Cameraman. Lighting or under supervisor.	Good education. Engineering degree valuable. Knowledge of camera, lighting, sound.	£900—£1,300.
CAMERA SUPERVISOR	M.	Head of cameramen in team	Technical Assistant. Dolly Operator. Assistant Cameraman. Start with small programmes.	Good general education. Photographic knowledge desirable. Good team spirit.	£600—£1,000.
VISION MIXER	M/F.	Works in control room. Sits next to producer. In charge of fade outs, cuts from one camera to another, etc.	Technical Assistant.	Good general education. Technical knowledge. Must anticipate scene changes.	£600—£750.
SOUND SUPERVISOR	M.	Controls microphones. In charge of sound part of team. Follows all action with microphone.	Technical assistant. Gramophone operator. Boom operator.	Knowledge of radio valuable. Team work.	£800—£1,000.
LIGHTING SUPERVISOR	M.	Confers with producer regarding plan of programme. Must be able to explain technical matters to non-technical people. Supervises lighting section of team.	Vision Control Operator, cameraman, or sound supervisor. Lighting Asst.	Knowledge of sound, vision mixing and camerawork. Usually a specialist in one.	£900—£1,300.
VISION CONTROLLER	M.	Responsible for geometric accuracy of picture—light and darkness. Needs constant adjustment with each new shot.	Technical Assistant. Assistant Vision Controller.	Good knowledge of electronics and radio.	£700—£1,000
WARDROBE SUPERVISOR	F.	Deals directly with producer about costumes for programme.	Dresser. Wardrobe Mistress (maintains stock)	Art training valuable. Experience in theatre or films. Knowledge of historical costumes.	£689
MAKE-UP ARTIST	F.	Responsible for make-up and hair-styles for every artist.	Trainee.	Art training valuable. Experience in theatre or films. Knowledge of historical hair-styles	£520—£624
DESIGNER	M/F.	Designs sets for programmes.	Assistant Designer.	Architectural training. Film or theatre experience valuable.	£1,060—£1,700
SCENIC ARTIST	M/F.	Designs back-cloths, and paints them.	Trainee.	Art school training.	£800—£1,000.
CARPENTER	M.	Builds sets	Carpenter.	Building experience. Experience in exhibition work or theatre.	£572.
PROPERTY MASTER	M/F.	Responsible for selection of props. for programme.	Property man.	Experience in film or theatre. Wide knowledge of period furniture, decorations, etc. Extensive travel advantageous.	£700—£1,200.
SPECIAL EFFECTS MEN	M.	Responsible for all unusual mechanical devices, unusual designs, unusual noises, etc.		Ability to design, and engineering and technical knowledge essential.	£1,060—£1,700.

* In all cases figures can go higher on the basis of individual outstanding merit

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAURENT

Werra's statement that he was a Coastal Command pilot stationed at Dyce, in Scotland, von Werra had walked from the room—on the pretext of going for a wash—and on to the airfield.

The interview had taken place in the adjutant's office, and von Werra assumed that the man interviewing him was the acting adjutant, who, he had previously learned, was called Squadron Leader Boniface.

In the course of the long walk back to the R.A.F. station headquarters, Plant and von Werra were joined by aircraftmen who had been out looking for the "Dutchman." A sergeant came up and asked the officer if he could fall the men out.

"No! Post them all round headquarters until this bird has been dealt with."

Dealt with? What did that imply?

"See," said von Werra, "I had better tell you. I am not Dutch, but an escaped Luftwaffe officer. I am sorry if I get you into trouble, but I——"

"Save it!" the duty officer broke in. "It's useless to talk to me. Keep your explanation for somebody else."

They approached station headquarters—and von Werra was frightened. The door and windows of the adjutant's office were open.

The real Squadron Leader Boniface was standing with his back to the window, flipping through a file. Another officer was seated at the desk. When von Werra and his escort entered and halted, both officers glanced up.

Von Werra's face was white and drawn. He clicked the heels of his flying-boots together, bowed stiffly from the waist and announced in a loud but rather shaky voice: "I surrender. I am Oberleutnant Franz von Werra, fighter pilot of the Luftwaffe. Last night I escape from Swanwick Camp. I claim the protection of the Geneva Convention."

The officer at the desk looked at the phenomenon and screwed up his face as though he were facing strong sunlight.

"I say, easy on, old boy," he said. "Have a cigarette, for God's sake!"

Raymond Dorey, then manager of the Rolls-Royce Flight Establishment, which used part of Hucknall airfield, speaking in a private capacity, has said: "I saw and spoke to von Werra. What with his delightful personality and the twinkle in his eye, it was not difficult to realize afterwards how he had carried through his escapade. Furthermore, a lot of us, sporty types, were rather sorry he did not make it."

Dorey reveals one vital fact of which von Werra was completely ignorant. The aircraft was one of the first Hurricane Mark IIs to be produced. Only one or two had been delivered to the R.A.F., and they had never been used operationally.

If he had got back to France with one he would have made the Luftwaffe a present of the latest, top secret British fighter before it had ever been encountered in combat. . . .

After he had been given some breakfast—eggs and bacon, toast, marmalade and coffee from the officers' mess—which convinced him that nothing dreadful was going to happen to him, von Werra was driven to police headquarters, Nottingham, where he was kept in a cell for twenty-four hours to await a military escort from Swanwick camp.

He was searched when he reached Nottingham and, according to the inventory of his possessions preserved in police records, the search yielded two boxes of matches, one pencil, one packet of chewing gum, a pair of spectacles and 2s. 3d. in cash.

On his way back to Swanwick, he learned that the four men who had escaped with him—Major Cramer, Leutnant Manhard, Leutnant Wagner, and Oberleutnant Wilhelm—had been captured within twenty-four hours.

He saw them again, briefly, the following morning, when the Camp Commandant sentenced them to fourteen days' solitary confinement for attempting to escape.

It was a light enough sentence—they had expected twenty-eight. They put this down to the facts that the commandant was a sportsman and that Christmas was in two days' time. Both these explanations may have had something to do with it; another possible one was that the commandant already knew that in two weeks' time he would be rid of them.

On the last morning of their sentence, the adjutant visited each of them in turn and said: "Tomorrow you will leave with the rest of the prisoners for Canada."

In the early years of the war the usual cause of "trouble" at prisoner-of-war camps in Britain was an announcement of an impending transfer of captives to Canada. There were several reasons for this. The prisoners boggled at the idea of being sent so far away from home. It made many of them take their captivity seriously for the first time. The majority thought wishfully that if they remained in Britain they would soon be liberated by invading German armies.

In the evening of the day on which they learned the important news, von Werra and his companions were escorted from their cells to the mess hall, where piles of kit were ranged on long tables. There were small mountains of civilian overcoats, gloves, woollen cardigans, underwear, kitbags and other items. Unfortunately, the overcoats were all one size—"youths, large." Von Werra was one of the few in the camp which they fitted. By the time the tables were cleared, and the camp was swarming with prisoners, wearing undersized overcoats and carrying cardboard boxes, untidy bundles of clothing or bulging kitbags, it looked like a rag-and-bone men's convention.

An end-of-term atmosphere prevailed that night. Prisoners dashed excitedly about, laughing, shouting, bartering and asking questions. The U-boat men, a minority who had hitherto been kept in their place by the airmen, were now the centre of attention. What were the safest places in a ship? How many survivors could a U-boat take on board? How long would it take to cross the Atlantic? How long did it take for a large ship to sink?

The prisoners were assembled early the next morning. The last roll-call. One hundred and fifteen officers, plus eight more seriously wounded who were remaining behind for repatriation.

Those going to Canada were taken by double-decker buses to Butterley railway station, and

In his wild bid for freedom, von Werra hoped to cross the St. Lawrence river from Prescott, Canada, to Ogdensburg (foreground) in the United States

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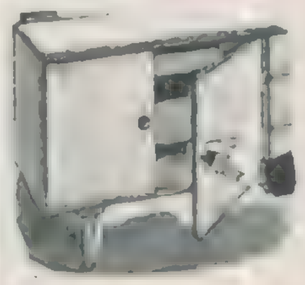

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Rudderless, oarless, the boat floated into the darkness. Von Werra could feel it turning and ice-floes thudding against it. He was lost

then by train to Greenock. A large passenger ship, the Duchess of York, was moored alongside the quay. Some prisoners were already on board; others were lined up under guard near one of the several gangways, waiting for their turn to embark.

The officers went aboard two at a time. A British officer and a sergeant stood at the bottom of the gangway, ticking prisoners' names off the roll as they embarked. As each man, already struggling with a kitbag or a cardboard carton containing his belongings, moved along the deck, various things were thrust upon him: a ticket showing his deck and cabin, two buttered rolls, a tin of corned beef and, finally, boiling hot cocoa in a beaker without a handle.

Von Werra scarcely had time to find his cabin when there were shouts all over the ship: English voices calling, "Werra! Werra!"

Now what? Had he been included in the contingent by mistake? Was he going to be taken off the ship? He went out on deck.

A guard officer and two soldiers hurried towards him.

"What have I done wrong now?"

"I'm sorry," said the officer, "but you'll have to come with me. There's a special cabin for you where you must remain under guard until the ship sails."

"That is unfair. I did my time in the 'cooler' with the others."

"Special orders. These two guards will not let you out of their sight."

When he knew that he was not going to be left behind, von Werra went away docilely with the escort. To tell the truth, he was rather flattered.

AFTER a false start, designed, the prisoners decided, to deceive Nazi spies in Scotland and through them the German Navy, the Duchess of York sailed from Greenock on the evening of January 10, 1941.

The next morning there was no land in sight. The prisoners saw that they were in a convoy of about fifteen large ships, escorted by the battleship Ramillies, a London class cruiser, a small cruiser, and about ten destroyers.

After the first few days von Werra began thinking seriously about his next escape attempt. He spent a lot of time getting information about Canada and the United States from Wagner, who had lived in North America, and with his help drew a rough map, showing the boundary and the principal towns near each side. He found a bathroom with a sea-water tap. Preparing for the possibility of being able to drop out of a porthole and swim ashore when they reached Canada, he and Manhard tried to harden themselves by increasingly prolonged immersion in the ice-cold water.

Von Werra also volunteered to take the place of one of the German rankers assigned to kitchen duty, and spent a morning peeling potatoes and chatting with the ship's cooks. In this way he learned that the Duchess of York would dock at Halifax, Nova Scotia, as it was impossible to get up to Quebec on the St. Lawrence at that time of year owing to the ice, and that the prisoners would go from Halifax by train, possibly to camps in the far west.

The ship was due at Halifax on January 21.

Von Werra soon ingratiated himself with the cooks and began wandering out of the kitchen, gradually increasing the length of his periods of absence, and penetrating farther into the forbidden parts of the ship. He got as far as the engine-room. There were no guards and he was never challenged.

These clandestine excursions gave von Werra an idea. Would it be possible for the German prisoners to seize control of the ship and sail it into a German-held French Atlantic port?

That evening he discussed the matter with several U-boat commanders, one of whom had been an officer in the German liner Bremen in peacetime.

A plot was hatched. It was taken for granted that at some stage of the voyage the Duchess of York would separate from the convoy, which was no doubt bound for North Africa. The question was: would the Duchess of York be on her own after separating from the convoy? There could be no question of attempting to seize control of the ship unless it was unescorted.

The next day half a dozen picked prisoners, disguised as members of the crew, made a series of individual sorties into various parts of the ship, getting past the sentries without once being challenged. Their unexpected success gave a tremendous fillip to the scheme. Between them they had located or reconnoitred the wireless cabin, armoury, bridge, engine-room and other strategic points of the ship.

A plan of action was worked out. Assault parties would be formed, each one being assigned a single objective. First, the wireless cabin was to be stormed, suddenly and silently, and the operators overpowered. Next, the armoury would be captured and weapons distributed to the other assault parties, who would go into action simultaneously. The remainder of the prisoners would then deal with the guards and R.A.F. personnel. If the operation succeeded, all the U-boats in the Atlantic were to be called up immediately to escort the ship into port.

Von Werra and the other conspirators went to bed in a fever of excitement.

At dawn next morning one of them looked into von Werra's cabin and beckoned him to go outside.

"We've left the convoy," he whispered.

Von Werra dashed out. Not a ship or a smudge of smoke to starboard.

They ran across the ship to the rails on the other side. Not a ship or a smudge of smoke to port.

They ran aft to look behind.

And there, wallowing a few hundred yards dead astern, was the faithful Ramillies. . . .

Land in sight!

The last few days of the crossing had been tempestuous, and most of the prisoners were seasick. But now, as they neared Halifax, the sea was calm and the sun shone in a clear blue sky. The cold was of an intensity von Werra had never experienced before. As he came out of the heated cabin on to the deck, the thin, clear air stabbed into the lungs like ice. Everything was a-glitter: the sea, the snow on land, the windows of tall buildings, icicles on the superstructure of the ship.

Two tugs with the word "Halifax" in white letters on their sterns pulled open the boom of an anti-submarine net, which hung across the harbour mouth. First Ramillies and then the Duchess of York sailed through the gap. There were curiously exciting smells of fish, oil, tar and freshly sawn timber.

After a couple of hours' wait, the prisoners began to leave the ship. They were a motley, dishevelled, seedy-looking crew, and bore no resemblance to the swaggering, goose-stepping Nazis of the propaganda pictures. Bystanders felt they had been cheated.

IN the Customs house the prisoners were "frisked" for weapons, and the contents of their kitbags or cartons were tipped on to the floor and examined. Then they were shepherded between long double rows of armed soldiers to two trains, each of fourteen coaches, standing in a siding.

In the coach in which von Werra was to travel there were thirty-five officer prisoners and twelve guards. A third of the coach was taken up by the guards, the remainder being allocated to the prisoners. There were far more seats than prisoners and they were able to spread themselves in comfort. There was a central gangway with comfortable seats arranged in pairs, back to back, on each side.

The guards were members of the Veterans' Guard of Canada. Three were on duty at a time. They stood in the gangway, one at each end of the section occupied by the prisoners, the third in the middle. They were armed with pistols.

The coaches were heated and had double windows for insulation against the cold. One army blanket was loaned to each prisoner.

Von Werra sat by a window and Manhard

Continued on page 59

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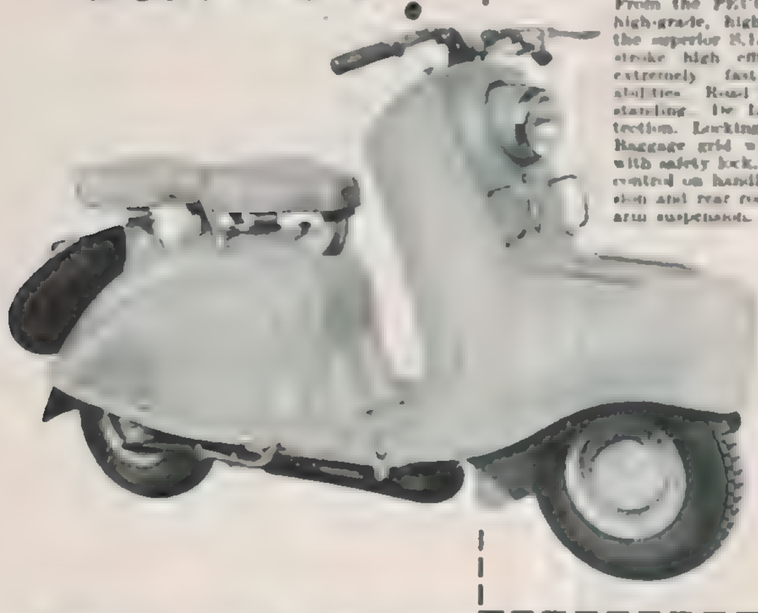

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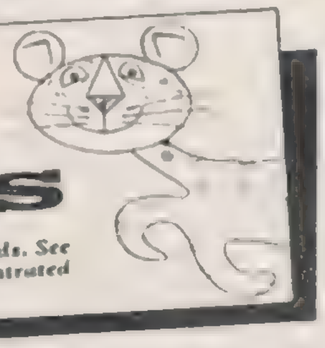

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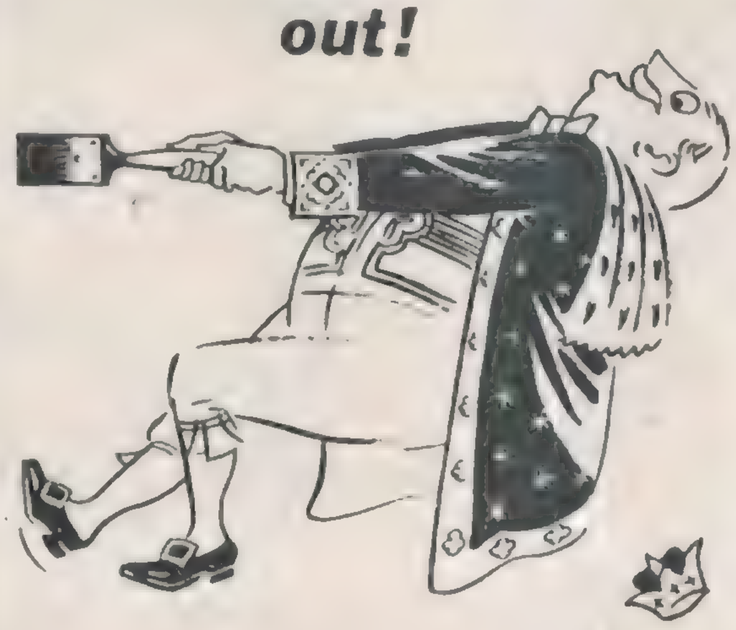

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CEC 47

Designers for living

by PETER MICHELMORE

They give familiar objects a new shape—from London buses to Grandmother's ironing board

Ashford (right) and Scott check the design of household goods. Once they planned a new lorry cab by modelling it, full-size, in Plasticine

WHEN Douglas Scott, consultant designer of products for industry, home and office, was contracted by a London firm to design a set of luxury luggage in top grain cow hide, he spent the first day of his assignment at St. Pancras station watching porters handle suitcases.

At the end of the day, he had covered several pages of his notebook with observations of where and how luggage was damaged.

Later, he sketched a case on his drawing board which seemed the answer. Corners were rounded, and on the top and bottom sides of the case edges were built up from the main surface so that the ridge would protect the case when it was stacked with others. Added protection was given with four-inch brass plates halfway along each built-up edge, instead of the usual studs. Scott eliminated another edge by making the lid of the case shut without any overlap.

Scott, a precise, dark-haired man of forty-three, has researched every phase of the luggage business. He considered that buyers of the superior suitcases would not want to jam in their toilet articles inside a rolled-up towel, so he sketched detachable waterproof pockets to fit in the cases. After long train journeys, women wanted a complete facial make-up. He designed a triple folding mirror for the cosmetic case for maximum vision. He contrived square, well-padded handles, with plenty of knuckle room, for convenient carrying.

A quick round of London stores showed that suitcase locks were almost identical and one lockmaker proudly told Scott that he was still using his grandfather's tools to make locks for modern cases. Scott designed a new lock, with a wide, flat spring catch that fitted flush.

SCOTT made complete drawings of his luxury luggage and his client started production. A few months later, the luggage, finished in a golden tan, was displayed in London.

"It was the talk of the trade," says an executive of the manufacturing firm. "It was different and it was beautiful. We obtained many overseas orders, some of them from Indian maharajahs." The luggage was expensive—a nine-piece set retailed at more than £200.

While Scott was still priding himself on the success of his expensive luggage he had a call from another client in the leather business.

"My daughter bought this for my birthday," said the client, showing Scott a flat pigskin pouch which held a nail file and comb. "It was very costly and I think I can do something that looks just as good, at a fraction of the price, by using leather offcut pieces. I would like you to design it."

Scott happily sketched a pouch with compartments for the file and comb, put in some neat stitching around the sides, worked out a crest for printing on the leather and designed a package in which to display the product.

"It wasn't the talk of the trade, but it did sell well," says Scott dryly. "Glamour jobs, like the luggage design, are very rare in our business. The costing of some products is down to three points of a penny and this is the limiting factor in planning a new design. We cannot design for aesthetics alone."

Scott and his forty-seven year old partner, Frederick Ashford, both members of the Society of Industrial Artists, the designers' professional society, have reached the top as product designers since they combined talents nine years ago as Scott-Ashford Associates.

The Council of Industrial Design, which opened a permanent exhibition of contemporary

Continued on page 59

Scott's wife was sceptical about his new ironing board. But she pressed his trousers and saw the use of its long straight edge

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

David had a new part to play in Pharamaul. . . . And he had Nicole

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD

by NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

At last there was peace on the island, and time and temper for the marriage of David and Nicole. "You know," Aidan told them, "I shall miss you two children"

DAWN was breaking as the convoy roared into Shebiya. David Bracken's truck veered off towards the police post and stopped, wheels skidding in the yellow dust. David posted his men round the clearing and walked up the pathway, his Sten gun clenched in his hands. . . .

The night before, saying goodbye to Nicole Steuart, the girl he loved, David had minimized the danger he was going into. But no one could deny that the Pharamaul affair had now taken on all the characteristics of a minor war.

The trouble in Pharamaul, an island off the coast of Africa, had begun weeks before when Dinamaula, hereditary chieftain of the Maulas, announced that he would like to marry a white girl. Rioting and violence flared across the island; then, in the jungles of the north, the savage U-Maulas seized their chance.

Led by their brutal ruler, Gotwela, and his allies—Puero, the fat Maula regent, and the shifty Zuva Katsaula—they blocked the only road to Shebiya. Nobody even liked to guess what had happened to the district officer, Tom Ronald, and his young wife, Cynthia. . . .

It was Captain Simpson, the Government House naval attaché, who led the counter-attack—a sea-landing north of Shebiya. With him were police captain Keith Crump and David Bracken, one of the governor's aides. They had fifty Maula policemen, all that could be spared, with two troop-carriers and a jeep. . . .

They were relying on speed and surprise. Simpson and Crump never looked back as David's truck left the convoy; they raced straight on towards the road-block and Gotwela's main force. . . .

Suddenly, at a sharp curve in the road, Simpson pointed wildly and shouted: "There they are!"

FINAL INSTALMENT

Simpson's Rough Justice

THERE they were.. It was a rough encampment, grouped round the fallen tree straddling the road; perfectly sited for an attack from the south, foolishly open to themselves. There were guns—an ancient cannon, two Brens on tripods, something that looked like an old Lewis gun—but the guns were pointing south, the wrong way, and the gunners were asleep.

Singapore, thought Simpson instantly, clambering down, waving his arm for the advance, sighting and then toppling with a single burst of fire two men who ran out of a hut by the roadside: Singapore—the guns facing the wrong way, strong as Gibraltar to seaward, weak as a kitten for an enemy at their backs. . . . Crump's big truck stopped, wheel to wheel beside the jeep. The armed policemen jumped out, shouting, their eyes rolling.

Other men jumped out—out of trenches, tents, leafy hide-aways; men clad in blankets, scraps of forgotten uniforms, loincloths. They blundered forth in sleepy amazement, their eyes turning from the southerly road to the innocent approach from their own village, where the scourging enemy stood.

Simpson fired again, at a cluster of brave men trying to swing one of the Bren guns round, men who instantly died. Crump charged on foot at the head of his platoon, making for a clump of huts—the headquarters.

A fat man ran out, staring, a pistol in his hand. "Puero!" shouted Crump, recognizing him. "Stop where you are."

Puero, the gross, the slow-moving third regent, faced him for a moment. Then he turned, his eyes squinting wildly. The nearest cover was the bush at the edge of the road, twenty full yards away. He made for it at a swift, snaking run, amazing for a man of his weight. Crump fired, missed, and fired again. Puero dropped, some yards from safety.

From the same hut another man, smaller, came running. It was Zuva Katsaula, cousin of

In the Ronalds' dining-room, they found the table laid for three, for a simple meal. . . . Probably not much of a meal to die on

the chief. He also was armed. He loosed off a wild burst, six shots that whined over their heads. Now it was Simpson's driver, the big Maula sergeant, who fired. Zuva screamed, dropped his gun, cradled a right arm shattered at the elbow. He looked across at the invaders, with pain, sleep and fear clouding his eyes. He called out: "I surrender. Prisoner of War!"

The road and the clearing were now full of men blundering into captivity, their hands above their heads: looking at the dozen corpses sprawled and displayed, they kept carefully aloof from their weapons and from any taint of defiance. The cordon of police rounded them up roughly, with free cursing and many blows.

Presently their prisoners were all herded into a rough corral. There must have been four hundred of them, roused from sleep, shocked by the brief show of force, swiftly quelled and now fearful and leaderless.

"One missing," said Crump, glancing round him. "The one we want." He turned to the nearest of the prisoners, a thin, trembling man. "Where is Gotwela?"

The man was silent. Crump's Sten gun lowered until it was pointing at the man's stomach. He was breathing heavily, with the effort of running, the pain of his wounded arm, the tension of his anger. "You know well that I will shoot," he said, in the Maula tongue. "Where is that Gotwela?"

The man looked at the gun, and then at his own stomach, but he would not speak.

From behind him, from the ranks of the prisoners, came a high and wheedling voice—the voice of Zuva Katsaula. "Gotwela is in that tent," said Zuva, pointing. "He was drunk last night. He sleeps still. . . . I claim my rights under the Geneva Convention."

Simpson, as hard-breathing as Crump, but sweating and trembling from some inner force, raised his gun. He sighted the top of the tent, six feet from the ground, and fired a swift burst. It collapsed in a heap, the canvas smouldering. Then it heaved, and a man wormed his way out—a fat man, glistening with fresh sweat, naked save for the royal *simbara*, the lion-skin, clasped loosely round his middle. It was Gotwela.

Gotwela blinked in the daylight, blinked at the guns and the new faces, scowled at his followers herded together and helpless, searched for the spears of his bodyguard and found them gone. Then his gross features settled themselves into a sullen cast of indifference. A policeman came forward to pinion him.

Simpson said roughly: "Now form up, and we'll all go back to the village."

The long column gradually took shape, drifting into straggling order; Zuva and Gotwela bound with straps, the rest with their hands clasped above their heads. They started to march back to Shebiya, headed by the jeep, tailed by the troop-carrier. They moved slowly, a motley, shambling crowd, no longer warriors with guns and spears, clutching their blankets.

David Bracken met them at the outer gate of the police post; a grey-faced, shaken David, fresh from a view of hideous death which had struck him too early in the morning, too early in his life.

Simpson, from the front seat of the leading jeep, called out to him: "Well?"

David, who had been waiting for a long and lonely hour, looked at him. At his back, he felt

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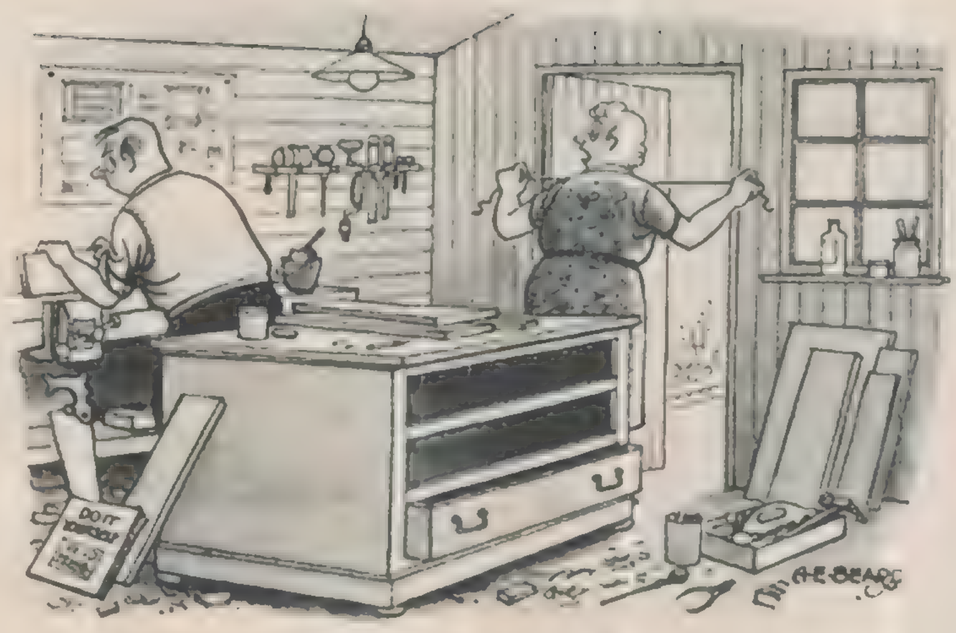

"Know something, dear?"

penetratingly the police post, with its bloodstains, its corpses sprawled like unswept rubbish, its sweet-and-sour odour of death.

He said: "Nothing much here. . . . They've all been killed. . . . All five . . . probably two days ago. . . . No one seems to know anything. . . ."

The new mass of people before him began to take shape. Crump and his men shoved and herded the four hundred prisoners into the middle of the square, ordered them to squat down in close confinement, placed guards at intervals round the enclave.

The dust gradually settled, the scene took on a jumbled order of its own. Simpson, a lone figure of authority, stepped down from the jeep, and walked towards David. "No one here knows anything," he said grimly. "But they will. . . . Which way is the Ronalds' house?"

"There," David pointed. "But it's empty. I sent a policeman across."

"Let's take another look at it." Simpson turned and called out to Crump: "We're going over to the district officer's house."

Crump, preoccupied with a knot of prisoners who, from some consideration of prudence or shame, wished to keep

IMAGINATION—1

What is now proved was
once only imagined.

William Blake

themselves apart from their fellows, raised his arm in brief acknowledgment. Leaving the transport and the guards, Simpson and David walked across the clearing to the Ronalds' house.

It was deserted, as David had forecast. Silence hung over it like a pall. There was no movement, no sign of life, not even the corpses which both of them had feared. They stepped into the living-room, and then into the dining-room, Simpson leading the way. All was in perfect order, innocent, unstained.

The dining-room table was laid for three people, and the three people had clearly been snatched away from it without warning. Three sideplates with crumbled bread and butter confronted their eyes; three dusty glasses of water; three sets of knives and forks, still waiting to be used. The three chairs were thrust back from the table. But nothing was in true disorder. It was merely an interrupted meal for three. *And not much of a meal,* thought David, *to die on. . . .*

"Give me a knife," said Simpson, without emphasis; and when the tall Maula sergeant handed him an open clasp-knife, he brought the blade down to within an inch of Zuva's eye. The blade was steady, while the eye underneath it blinked wildly, and the pinioned man sought to writhe away, in a foretaste of agony. To the watchers, it seemed that the blade must within a moment penetrate and gouge the soft target.

"I will take your eye, and then your tongue, and then your life," said Simpson, scarcely more than conversationally. "Tell me what happened to the Ronalds."

"I do not know," said Zuva. He was in an extremity of terror. "I have told you. . . . I was not here. . . ."

"You were here," said Simpson.

"I took no part."

Simpson advanced the knife a fraction of an inch. "No part in what?"

"I took no part."

"Are they dead?"

Zuva squinted up at the knife, and then beyond it to Simpson's pale, granite face. He strained back against his bonds, and the policeman holding him wrenched him upright again. The knife closed in, until it touched the very casing of the eyeball. Zuva screamed; a spray of sweat burst from his head and his neck.

"I took no part," he panted. "It was true I was here, but I took no part."

"Are they dead?"

"Yes."

Simpson stepped back a pace, balancing the knife in his open hand. He stared at Zuva with a malevolent intensity. He said: "Now that you have talked, talk some more. . . . Where are they?"

Zuva hesitated. "It is difficult——"

Simpson dropped the clasp-knife into his left hand, and with the right dealt Zuva a brutal slap on the side of his face. "Tell me everything," he shouted, "or I will kill you now."

Zuva's head fell to one side; the heavy blow had numbed his wits. When he spoke, it was more slowly. "A half-mile from here," he said. "To the north. There is a clearing, a meeting place."

"Who was killed there? Both the Ronalds?"

"Yes . . . and the priest."

"Who killed them?"

Zuva raised his head, looking fearfully about him. "Many people."

"Who was the leader?"

"Gotwela."

"Who saw them die?"

"All the tribe."

"What is this meeting place called, where they died?"

"Calavaree."

"What?" said Simpson, startled by a faint ring of familiarity.

"Calavaree. . . . It is something in the lore of the tribe. . . . But that man was the leader."

"Gotwela!" called Simpson loudly. Gotwela turned his head.

"Get up!" ordered Simpson. "We are going on a short journey. You, too!" he added to Zuva.

"I claim the protection——" began Zuva.

"You, too!" repeated Simpson. He turned to Crump. "And all the prisoners, and any of the tribespeople you can round up. Form them into a column. They're all going to take a

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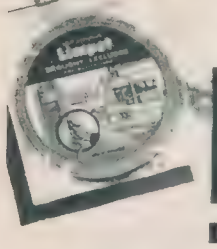

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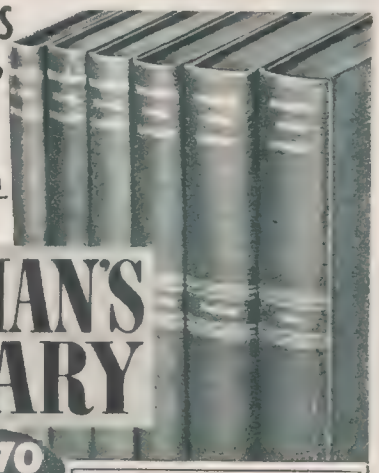

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second look at what they've done. . . . Gotwela!" he called again.

Gotwela, who was now standing, slumped between his two guards, raised his eyes. They were empty, expressionless, doomed.

"You will lead us," said Simpson. "Lead us all on the path to Calavaree. . . ."

It was a cleared space of a hundred feet square, and they filtered out upon it like players on a huge operatic stage, gathered for the last act. For a moment, black and white alike, they were not looking at what it contained; and then the range shortened, the focus grew sharp, and they were all looking.

Three human bodies, and two animal, were in the clearing. Dead for two days in burning heat, they had lost the sharp outlines of life and were bloated and misshapen, but they were still to be recognized.

Two of them were Tom and Cynthia Ronald, lying staring at the sky. The third was Father Schwemmer. The two animals were goats.

There was no discernible mark on Tom Ronald. He lay naked, as if at rest, his strong legs splayed out on either side. The dark stains on the ground, the furious current of ants and flies, indicated that he had bled to death. Cynthia Ronald lay in the same position, naked also.

Father Schwemmer hung skeleton-thin from a cross, in the classic attitude of agony. His body was less clear, less actual than the others; much of it hung in strips and tatters, as if many men had had their will of it with knives, purloining the flesh. On either side of his crude, yellow-wood cross—seemingly according to some much older ritual—were two smaller crosses bearing, spread-eagled, two goats. The three crosses crowned the hill of Calavaree.

The turf round the crosses had been marked out in the semblance of a huge fish, and brushwood burned in a long, shallow trench, so that the fish emblem stood out, blackened and clear, branded upon the living earth.

David's stomach heaved; he turned aside and vomited, and then faced the

IMAGINATION—2

The human race is governed by its imagination.

Napoleon Bonaparte

fearful sight again, with stony determination.

Simpson, the leader, stood alone, nearest the crosses and the bodies. His face was working violently, with pity and horror; there were tears wet on his cheeks, but they were not trustworthy tears—they could have been the tears of uncontrollable fury. He pointed a shaky finger at Gotwela, and said: "Call your people." With a rough and impatient hand he wiped away the tears from his cheeks; but it was the gesture of an iron man, and his eyes burned terribly as he looked at Gotwela.

"How shall I call them?" asked Gotwela, on a surly note of protest.

Simpson moved forward swiftly. The gun in his hand was trembling, but once more no one would have mistaken it for the trembling of a weak man. With the blunt muzzle of his revolver he prised open Gotwela's mouth, and forced the gun within. "Call your people," he said again, thickly, "while you still have a tongue to call with."

He withdrew the gun muzzle, wet and cloudy, and Gotwela swallowed. But he raised his voice: "Come out!" he said, speaking towards the margin of the forest. "Draw near."

"Louder!" said Simpson.

"Come out!" repeated Gotwela. "Draw near me!"

He repeated it many times, an eerie sound of command against the wall of trees; and presently men and women began to flock fearfully out of the forest, closing their ranks with the prisoners who were already there.

David stared steadfastly at the cross; Crump looked down at his feet. This was all wrong, thought Crump, the police captain; but after all Simpson was in command. He himself had been very fond of the Ronalds. Father Schwemmer had been an old friend. It was all wrong, the things that were happening and the thing that was going to happen, but he could not bring himself to interfere, neither as a policeman nor as a man. . . .

Presently the whole clearing was filled with people, edging forwards, over-running and obliterating the burned marks of the fish, surrounding the bodies and the crosses. There must have been two thousand of them, staring, trembling, not uttering a sound.

Captain Simpson, who had lost none of his sweating exaltation of rage, looked towards Crump. "Translate for me," he commanded. And then, turning to the main body of the people: "Look now at what you have done."

Crump raised his voice and repeated the words in the U-Maula tongue. Every eye was focused obediently and fearfully on the bodies.

"It is the fault of all of you," continued Simpson. David watched him, amazed; it was hard to identify this grim and avenging man with the hearty, gin-sipping naval aide he had known for the last few months. "You are vultures. . . . You are all guilty. But the men most guilty are these two men."

There was utter silence as Crump repeated the words.

"All those who are guilty will be tried," said Simpson. "But these two, the leaders"—he gestured with his revolver—"will never be tried. The law is too slow for criminals such as these."

All eyes were upon him now.

"You!" shouted Simpson suddenly, pointing at the nearest group of men. "Come here!"

Five or six men stepped forward, slowly and unwillingly. Pointing at Tom and Cynthia Ronald, Simpson said: "Take off your blankets. Cover these two."

The bodies were quickly covered.

"Now take him down," said Simpson, pointing at the torn body of Father Schwemmer.

The body of Father Schwemmer presently rested on the ground, covered by a blanket. Now the three shapes were ranged in the sunlight, decently hidden, restoring some order to the fearful scene.

Simpson turned sideways to Crump. "You can take a walk, if you like," he said. It was as if he were talking in his sleep. "This is my show. . . . If you hear a shot, it just means that my gun is in working order."

Crump looked at him levelly, preserving his own discipline, abdicating the rest. "I'm staying," he said. "You may be sorry afterwards. . . . But you know what you're doing. . . ."

"I shall never be sorry," said Simpson, "as long as I live. . . . David?"

"I'm staying," said David.

Simpson turned again. In the deadly silence, against the beating of a thousand hearts, he walked towards Gotwela and Zuva. "You are murderers," he said. "Kneel down!"

Gotwela, sullen and resigned, obeyed without seeming to hear. Zuva also fell on his knees, but his was the attitude of agonized prayer, and as he knelt he twisted his body round towards Simpson, and screamed at him: "You can't do this. . . . It is contrary to all law. . . . I demand a fair trial. . . ."

"Translate," said Simpson again, looking up at the sky. And then, to those watching in terror: "These two men, who were your leaders, are murderers. Remember this moment, because it is a moment of swift justice. You all know that they have killed a priest," he pointed down at the blanketed corpses, "and the district officer, and his wife. . . . *Do any of you think that I will let them live?*"

Crump's voice as he translated was less taut, less filled with rage, but firm as a rock nonetheless.

"They are hereby condemned to death," said Simpson. "They are

hereby executed." His head came down, the revolver came up.

Crump was still translating as the two shots rang out. . . .

The plane, a shabby old Dakota, bumped twice in the noonday heat, then settled down on its steady course, due east for Windhoek, and thence for Livingstone in Northern Rhodesia. The pilot checked the latitude, set the automatic controls, and sat back in his seat, hands clasped behind his head. Another routine trip, Pharamaul to the mainland, was under way.

But this time it was not quite a routine trip, the pilot mused; for this was an official charter party, no less, with a secret take-off time and top government priority; the plane reserved for Dinamaula, and the chap who was bear-leading him back to England. No other passengers allowed, no freight; above all, no pressmen. . . .

Dinamaula had no thoughts, as he stared out of the plane window at Pharamaul's vanishing coastline and the cloud-mottled grey surface of the South Atlantic; not even the bitter thoughts of an expatriate, not even the foreboding of a prisoner.

This had been his mood for a long time now—a sort of emptiness of spirit and will—and he was carrying his vacuum with him into exile.

He was looking down at the blank sea because it was the thing nearest in view, the only available feature. He did not want to look inwards, anywhere within the plane, because the only feature *there* was David Bracken, and he did not wish to see any other human being, and David Bracken least of all; because Bracken was the man who held his leash.

Though it had happened a full week ago, the shock of Shebiya was still with David; his dreams at night had a disgusting clarity, his thoughts by day were loathsome and tainted. The immediate past had been full of incident, and of work which came as a relief from thought.

The journey down from Shebiya, where Simpson and Crump had been left behind to restore order and separate the true criminals from their hapless followers, had been swift; within half a day David had been back at Gamate—a Gamate sullen but quiet, resting firmly upon a brusque military rule. The red, sweating faces of the troops and their honest, nasal Lancashire accents could now be seen and heard all over Gamate, as homely and reassuring as the police on a Liverpool street corner.

In Gamate, also, had been the assembled press, and to them David had given the first eye-witness account of what had happened up at Shebiya. He had told his story simply, with nothing left out, allowing the ghastly detail to have its effect.

"Can *we* go up?" asked Tulbach Browne.

"No," answered David.

"Why not?" asked Axel Hallmarck.

Forsdick, the acting resident commissioner, sitting at David's side, answered for him. "The whole Shebiya area has been closed off," he said abruptly. "Military precautions. We're not allowing anyone in till things are back to normal."

It was beyond doubt that Shebiya had to be isolated, until its guilt had been purged and its evil nature disinfected.

David had said nothing in detail about the execution of Gotwela and Zuva; he carried in his head the wording of Simpson's official report, the version they had jointly agreed to stick to: "Total casualties at the recapture of Shebiya were twenty-four U-Maula dead, including the three ringleaders—Gotwela, Puero and Zuva. . . ."

AFTER refuelling at Windhoek the plane bumped and lurched without respite as it weaved its swift way into the heart of Africa. David Bracken was staring at a piece of paper which he had drawn by chance out of his briefcase, and seeing, beyond the typescript, its meaning in action. The paper was headed: "Chief-Designate Dinamaula: Arrangements for Transfer to London." It was not until after Livingstone that the two of them started to talk.

They started because it suddenly seemed foolish and artificial to do otherwise, and because they were now sitting side by side, in the big, comfortable B.O.A.C. plane, and silence at such close quarters was more awkward than speech.

"I'd like to talk, unless you want to sleep," David said.

Dinamaula was not surprised, nor was there any need for elaboration, for he spoke his own thoughts straight away.

He said: "I don't expect to sleep. . . . I would like to talk, about anything at all. . . . But I am not happy, and not very friendly."

David grinned. It was the kind of answer he had hoped for, the kind that —given the necessary guts or pride— he would have wished to produce himself in the same circumstances. He said: "Fair enough. . . . I've got one or two reservations myself."

"What are your reservations?" asked Dinamaula.

"Shebiya," answered David. "And, before that, the riots at Gamate. And some of the things you said about running the country. . . . What are yours?"

Dinamaula brooded, but his face was not sullen; it was simply young and hurt. "Being kicked out, at twelve hours' notice," he said briefly. "Being treated like a child all the time. Being patronized. . . . Mr. Bracken, can you tell me exactly where I went wrong?"

"You brought it on yourself, and I honestly can't express it in any other way," said David.

The lights in the plane were going out one by one, as the passengers settled down to sleep. "I'm not saying that your ideas aren't good ones, or that they wouldn't work out, but you tackled the whole thing in the wrong way, right from the beginning."

"I only wanted to improve things," said Dinamaula, not for the first time. "The whole place seemed so out of date —like a museum, a museum of the nineteenth century. I wanted to make it take a step forward."

Khartoum came, after the long, thousand-mile night-haul over the desert and the foothills of Ethiopia. When the moon glinted, it glinted on the River Nile, a mile below them, its

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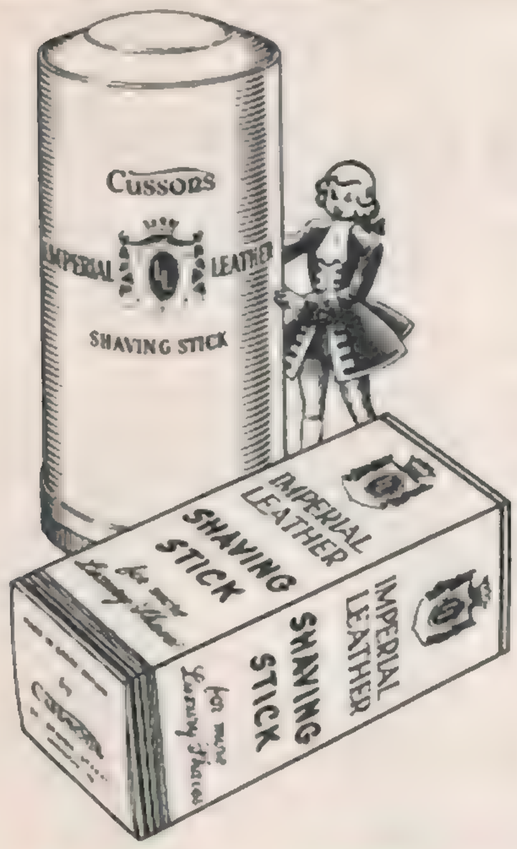

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banks pricked here and there by nomad fires.

After Khartoum, the chips were down.

"I had nothing to do with that horrible thing at Shebiya," said Dinamaula. "I only had a few vague hints about it from Zuva—nothing definite, nothing to go on. If I had known, of course I would have told you."

"We still think it was partly your fault—a chain-reaction from the rest."

"Pharamaul can't stand still," said Dinamaula. "No country in Africa can. We both agree on that. But how is Pharamaul going to make any real progress in *any* direction if you block new ideas all the time?"

"We don't," said David.

"You blocked *me*."

"Only because you wanted to move too fast. But, of course, in the future, it *will* make progress. It's bound to, and we all want it to. . . ."

High above the Alps, level with the crest of Mont Blanc gleaming like a snowy sheath on their left hand, Dinamaula suddenly said: "Of course, there never *was* an actual girl."

"Girl?" repeated David, who had been watching the white-encrusted hills and the wreaths of mist below.

"A white girl. The one I was supposed to be going to marry."

David turned, surprised at last. "Why on earth didn't you say so, then?"

"I told you—Macmillan annoyed me. And also I wanted to reserve my right to marry anyone I chose, black or white, *if* I wanted to. Why shouldn't I? There's no law against it."

"But there's a tremendously strong custom. A mixed marriage would have split the tribe."

"They would have come round to it. They *did* come round to it."

"But it wouldn't have been a good idea, anyway. That's not the future pattern of Pharamaul."

"Perhaps not. But don't you see? I wanted to feel *free*—free to rule, free to marry, free to ignore nagging and criticism. After all, I was the chief. That is what a chief should be."

"You really should have told us that there wasn't an actual girl."

"It wouldn't have made any difference."

London Airport was almost fogged in, with a cloud base at a mere five hundred feet; when they dropped through it, the thousands of wet-roofed houses, the thousands of streets, the sheer sprawling mass of London took them by surprise.

Zipping up his overnight bag as they joined the disembarking queue in the aisle, David remarked idly: "I shall be getting married when I go back to Port Victoria."

Dinamaula asked, in a voice totally expressionless: "Are you going to marry a white girl?" and they both suddenly burst out laughing.

They were both still laughing when they got off the plane, to be met at the barrier by a surging mob of pressmen and photographers, hundreds of onlookers, and a deputation bearing dripping banners which proclaimed: WELCOME DINAMAULA, VICTIM AND DUPE OF COLONIALISM! They were all held in check by a single policeman, who murmured: "Spectators *behind* the white line, please."

"Dinamaula was smiling bravely through his misery," commented the *Daily Flash* next morning. "If there is any medal for men going into exile, he should have it tomorrow."

"The ineffable Mr. David Bracken," said the *New Nation's* most bile-ridden columnist, later that week, "stepped off the plane wearing a somewhat inane grin, which he did not trouble to conceal. It could have been a grin of triumph. Whatever prompted it, it was in execrable taste. Is it too much to ask that when minor government officials are entrusted. . . ."

The Permanent Under-Secretary for the Scheduled Territories Office, Sir Hubert Godbold, strolled to the window, looked at the rain falling steadily on Whitehall, watched a bus recover from a skid as it rounded the sloping corner from Trafalgar Square and then sat down at his desk again.

Now he had to find *a* policy—a policy for Pharamaul. In essence, it had to satisfy his own judgment, get past the Cabinet and the House of Commons, stand up to press criticism, possibly pass muster at U.N.—and administer one hundred thousand Maulas fairly and hopefully, for the next ten or fifteen years.

Being a methodical man, he had already written down an outline of this policy, and the way it ought to be presented.

In addition, he was seeing David Bracken within a few minutes; partly because he always saw anyone who came back to London, whether on leave or on recall, as soon as they arrived; partly because he wanted to assimilate a few first-hand impressions.

There had been times during the last few months when the Pharamaul secretariat had seemed incredibly remote, like the China or Peru of two hundred years ago, and their letters and telegrams had read like half-defaced hieroglyphics from another culture altogether. This might be an opportunity to reduce the distance, to clear the view.

He also needed a factual report on Dinamaula, before their first difficult interview later that day.

It might be that Dinamaula was too controversial a figure, or too explosive a personality, to make a satisfactory chief: that Pharamaul could never settle down while he was there; and that, therefore, he must remain in permanent exile. It would be a pity, because he seemed to have the makings of a good man; but good men had been sacrificed before now, in the interests of a more stable community, and the world still survived and even prospered. . . .

When Godbold reached that point in thought, there was a knock at his door and he called: "Come in!"

His private secretary, an elegant, blond young man very definitely on his way up, advanced and said, with the proper touch of disdain: "Bracken, sir."

"Good," said Godbold. He smiled a welcome as David entered the room. "Sit down, Bracken." He consulted his watch and smiled a second time. "What sort of journey did you have and what sort of mood is Dinamaula in?"

David leaned back in his chair. After the first sentence he did not need to search for words.

"It was a good journey, sir," he said. "Better than I thought it would be. . . . Dinamaula was very quiet, perhaps rather sulky, when we left Pharamaul. But it seemed silly to spend thirty hours together and not say a word, so I started talking, and I suppose he felt the same way, because he came to life almost immediately." David grinned. "We talked the whole way, in fact, sir—Livingstone to London."

Godbold smiled also, leaning back, giving a heartening impression that he was not going to be bored. "You must have covered a lot of ground. . . . I'm glad you got him to talk. . . . What was it all about?"

"Pretty well everything, sir." David set to work to describe to Godbold those five thousand miles of conversation, with their revelations, surprises and occasional disagreements..

"He was quite candid about the mistakes he'd made and about trying to move too fast. He agreed that there might have been faults on both sides——"

"Agreed?" Godbold's eyebrows rose alarmingly. "Did *you* propound such a proposition?"

"Proposition?" David was taken aback.

"That there were faults on *our* side?"

It was an awkward, even dangerous moment; in a single phrase he might throw everything away. But it was also a moment to be honest; the man before him wanted a true account, and a true account included just such an element as this.

"I agreed with Dinamaula, sir," he answered slowly, "that if he had been handled differently when he arrived—in spite of that silly newspaper story—all this later trouble might have been avoided."

GODBOLD'S expression remained formidably critical. "I presume you made it clear that you were expressing a personal opinion."

"No, I didn't, sir. It was—we were"—David floundered and then recovered—"we were both trying to talk candidly, to tell the truth without scoring a lot of debating points. It was that sort of session."

Godbold fell silent and remained so for perhaps two minutes; it was his old, disconcerting habit, which was less a trick than an absolute insistence upon privacy for his thoughts. David stared down at the carpet, aware that he had blundered; the picture in Godbold's mind—that of a junior official giving away points to the enemy, must be brutally clear. He would be recalling also that this was not the first black mark against his name. . . . Bracken boobs again. . . .

It came as another shock to hear Godbold saying, in a different sort of voice: "Where did we go wrong—who went wrong—in our handling of Dinamaula, when he first arrived?"

David had a moment of pure panic: he wanted to say that he had only been joking. But he raised his head to find Godbold looking at him with the same steady interest as before, and he took heart.

"I'm afraid it was Andrew Macmillan, principally, sir. Whatever he said to Dinamaula—I wasn't actually there—he must have put very bluntly and forcibly, giving Dinamaula no chance either to explain or to withdraw.

"On the plane Dinamaula said he was made to feel like a schoolboy. That's surely wrong, even though there was such an age difference. . . . But I told Dinamaula that it was up to him to make allowances for Andrew as well—that he was old, and also very wise and very capable."

"What did Dinamaula say to that?"

"He said 'Yes.'"

"What other mistake did we make?"

"I think they all stemmed from that, sir—treating him like a little boy, instead of the incoming chief. Then everything got out of hand very quickly, and Andrew tried the same sort of thing with the regents and the tribe, and they wouldn't stand for it either. . . ."

David looked closely at Godbold. "I don't want to seem to put all the blame on to Macmillan, sir. I think he was a wonderful man, and I wish to God he weren't dead. We *all* tried to deal with the thing in a rather . . . rather superior way and it just didn't work. It was too serious."

"And too volatile?"

David nodded again. "Yes. It just blew up in our face. But, of course, it was the press who really put the lid on the whole thing. They made rings round us right from the start. We should have taken a much stronger line with them."

But Godbold was already shaking his head. "If we were on firm enough ground we should have been able to deal with them perfectly easily, without any 'strong line.' After all, you

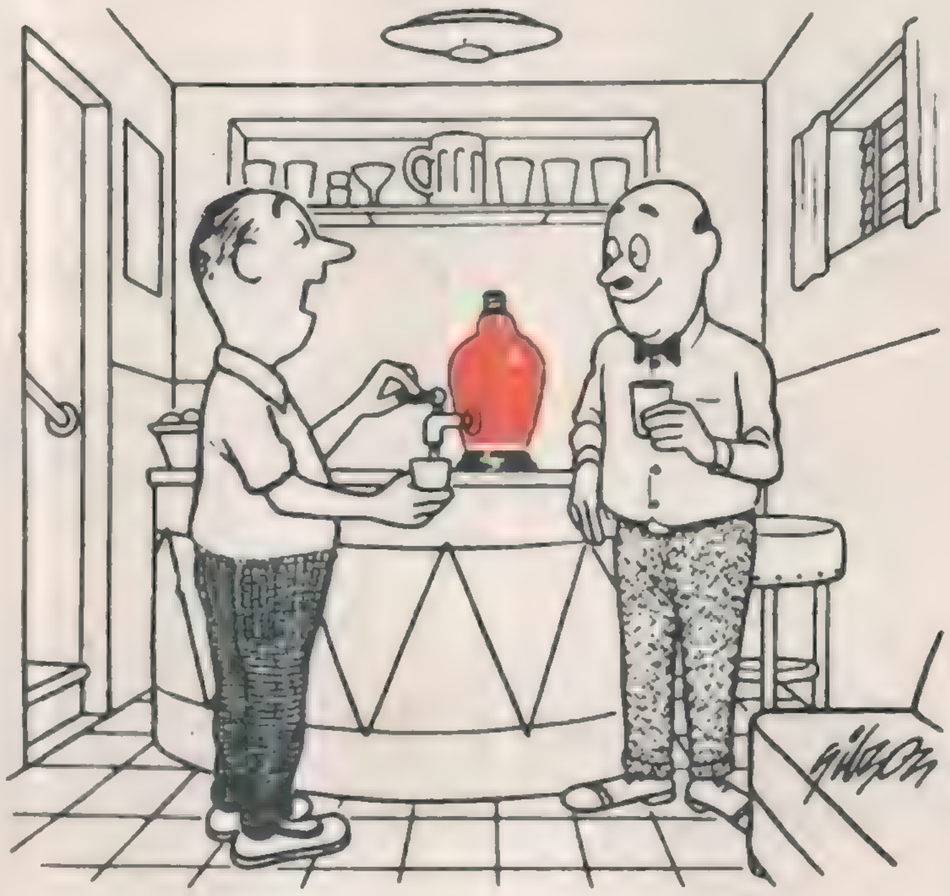
Against Self-Pity

by WILLIAM PLOMER

The ills that flesh is heir to
And those that men devise,
Why should they bring us near to
Self-pity or surprise?

Torture is still in fashion,
Men kill for a belief,
But courage and compassion
Are still a cure for grief.

Though bombs are vastly fissile,
The strongest force yet known
Is that old guided missile,
One silent prayer, alone.



"I made it myself from an old lamp"

can't expect to operate in a vacuum. The press must be free to observe and to report."

"They did a lot more than that in Pharamaul, sir."

Godbold said: "I'll tell you what *we're* going to do in Pharamaul." He glanced at his watch. "And then I'm afraid I must keep my next appointment. . . .

"We're going to forgive and forget, and the Maulas are going to forgive and forget, and we'll move on to the next step. It will involve more say for them in their own affairs, more power delegated to regents and headmen, more local self-administration. Specifically, we'll keep the Council of Regents going, until a chief is ready to take over. That might well be Dinamaula—it all depends on events.

"Forsdick will move up as resident commissioner. I shall be reinforcing the secretariat with one or two people from here. It's possible that there will be a new governor, though that is strictly between ourselves at the moment.

"And you," he said finally, smiling because he had so obviously kept it till the end, "will take over at Shebiya, as district officer."

In spite of himself, David started. The word "Shebiya" still produced the old reaction of horror and disgust and fear.

Godbold must have caught his glance, because he said instantly: "In some ways, I realize, you have the hardest job of all, because you were there, and saw the horrible things they did. But you, too, have got to be part of forgive-and-forget. . . ."

David swallowed. "I want to go to Shebiya, sir. In fact, there's nothing I'd like better. It's just that—surely they've got to be punished?"

"Some of them must be punished," agreed Godbold. "But when that is done we've got to return, without equivocation, to the pace of Africa. The Maulas have outgrown Macmillan; they are ready for something else. They mustn't be prevented from attaining that something else, because a few of them tried to anticipate history." The under-secretary stood up and smiled. "Thank you for coming along and for listening."

They walked towards the door. "Thank you very much for the job, sir," said David. "And I'm glad the whole thing is settled."

"Settled," repeated Godbold, on a rueful note. "Settled is a somewhat relative word. . . ."

Weddings from Government House were so rare that no one knew quite what to expect, though the proceedings in church were decorous enough. Aidan Purves-Brownrigg, the best man, produced the ring from his flowered brocade waistcoat with suitable aplomb; Sir Elliott Vere-Toombs, giving the bride away, played a monumental rôle. The organ thundered out the Wedding March till the old church rafters shook. But after that it was a bit of a riot.

"Champagne!" Lady Vere-Toombs had decreed. And champagne it was, by the glass, by the bottle, and by the case. It was a hot day, a good drinking day. Within an hour Government House was afloat.

Some time later, Nicole, David and Aidan met under a tree in the centre of the lawn.

"Darling, I'm dead!" said Nicole, and gulped some champagne. "We must have shaken a thousand hands. And that *photographer*!"

"A perfectionist," agreed David. "But not much longer now."

"Everyone seems rather drunk," said Aidan, looking round him.

"How lovely for them!"

"I, too, have not been idle," said Aidan, taking a deep drink from his own glass. "You know, I shall miss you two children."

"Oh, we'll be down here from time to time," said David.

"That won't be much use to me," observed Aidan. And as David looked mystified, he went on: "I observe, Mr. District Officer, that you have not taken the trouble to read your telegrams this morning."

"Have a heart," said David.

"If you had, you would have known about my posting."

"Where to?"

"Washington."

"Oh, Aidan!" exclaimed Nicole, "how wonderful for you!" She kissed him warmly.

"Haven't drawn a sober breath since I heard," said Aidan. "Now I'm going to have another drink."

He moved unsteadily away. Nicole and David, smiling, watched him go, watched the people strolling to and fro round them, and the lengthening shadows on the Government House lawn. Under the trees, the magnificently robed Maula servants still worked like beavers, opening, pouring, bearing trays, weaving a swift cross-pattern against the noble backcloth of Government House.

"I think," Nicole said at last, looking across the lawn towards a crowd of people unaccountably embarking on a square dance, "that we might start to fade out."

THE END

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Race of death

Continued from page 27

love for you and yours for me?"

"Donee, understand. I am all my father has. My mother died bearing me. In those twenty years I have been the only thing to him that had meaning—the only thing outside of the cars. I have wiped the blood away that comes out of his mouth a thousand times. I have held his hand and held his head while he slept, gathering strength for the next day. I have been his only friend, his only love. How can I say 'no' to him?"

"So you dedicate your life to nursing and spinsterhood, to emptiness; and finally 'Baldo' dies and you are alone and too old to find life again. Is that what you want? Is that what 'Baldo' planned for his daughter? I offer you a whole lifetime of love."

"He is so frail," she said. "So small to be so hard and such a man." Her hands spread against his chest and moved up to his shoulders. "Not like you, Donee. He is old and needs me."

"He needs no one," Don said bitterly. "Ask the drivers he has forced off the road. Ask the men who have made the mistake of thinking his friendship extended to the track. Ask anybody in the sport if the Fox needs someone. They'll tell you that he needs people only as objects of his contempt; he needs only their fear, and if not fear, their blood. Why can't he be on a factory team? He's the best driver in the business, but they won't touch him because he's too ruthless; they couldn't stand the publicity."

"Donee, stop! You know only the racing part of him. It is all the rest that I can't deny."

"Yes, all the rest, like his destruction of our love, his condemning you to a life of—of nothing. Carla, I want you. Stay."

Tears fell from her lashes. "No," she said, "not now. Some day, perhaps, but not now. Not while he needs me." And she went to her aunt in Lugano. . . .

Aremberg, Kallenhard, Bergwerk, Karussel, Schwalbenschwanz, Nürburg—the laps reeled on, time passed in a roar of sound and wind. Five laps, ten laps, twelve.

The race was more than two hours old, nearly a third over. Fatigue began to settle in Don Hainton's arms and shoulders. The first knives of pain began to shoot through his hips.

The German cars still led. Behind them, slowly gaining, whined the Fox's Maserati. Three hundred metres behind lay Hainton's bottle-green car, desperately holding with the Fox. He began to exceed his estimates of the curves, taking them faster than he should and not being sure, at times, whether the car would hold. One of the blue Gordinis lay crumpled upside down in a field near Aremberg. Hainton ran faster, admitting to himself the possibility of joining the two wrecks. But it mattered more that he stay with the Fox. Anything to catch the Fox. . . !

It had been that way ever since Carla left. When he was in a race with the Fox he overdrove, trying with all the skills he had acquired to beat the old man. Three times he had been successful. But two of those times the Fox had had mechanical trouble; the third was a fluke in which an oil patch had removed the Fox from the road long enough for Don to get by. The other times the Fox simply didn't let Don catch him.

On the seventeenth lap the entire complexion of the race changed suddenly. The leading Mercédès cars rocketed around a blind turn just beyond Kallenhard straight into a wreck. The first car piled into the wreckage, driving it from the centre of the road. The second barely managed to stay on the road and the Fox nearly rammed it from behind. By the time Don Hainton crossed the oil patch the three cars were grouped within a hundred metres.

The Fox stayed on the Mercédès' tail, viciously using every psychological trick of his trade. He pushed

the silver car through corners, weaved behind him in the short straights. By the time Schwalbenschwanz was past, the German was so rattled that he watched his mirror more than the road.

They entered a straight. The German tried to escape, using his car's superior acceleration. His engine screamed. He headed full out into a series of turns. The car just managed to take the first curve, but at the second one it swung out too far. Hainton could see the Mercédès rocket off the road, then slowly twist sideways in the air. It vanished completely in a ball of fire. The Fox and Don Hainton were alone.

It was a unique experience being out front, alone with the Fox. There were drivers who could argue all night, drunk or sober, about which was worse—trying to pass the Fox or having him astern.

Don Hainton tasted desire to beat the Fox. He was within reach of doing the one thing that could shatter the old man. He would stay on his tail, waiting for one mistake. A single mistake and the Fox would be beaten. But the Fox never made mistakes.

The important thing was that he was up there alone with him. They were as alone as he was alone, as Carla was alone, as the Fox himself was alone, perhaps more lonely than any of them. The Fox called no man friend, only rival.

The Fox himself might have died many times. His body had been torn, his bones broken times over. He had, in his life, spilled more blood than now ran through his veins, collected more scars than five drivers. Yet he endured. He alone survived the years and the scars.

The twentieth lap passed, the twenty-fifth, the thirtieth, and Don Hainton neither gained nor lost. He studied the Fox's actions carefully at every turn, trying to improve on them, to no avail. He drew closer in the straights, lost in the turns.

He felt frustration in his throat, bitter, copper tasting. The fumes in the cockpit stifled him, made his eyes water after their long exposure. Pain sliced through his back, numbed his wrists. He felt reactions slow while his lap times rose. Dangerous! But it was all dangerous. And comfort to know that the Fox, too, felt the strain. Or did he? There were those who denied that he was human, classing him as a machine like the perfectly tuned Maserati he drove.

There were others who rated the Fox inhuman. They had seen men die as a result of the Fox's tactics, seen drivers who would not submit to him forced off the road, needlessly yet legitimately. The Fox murdered no one. He didn't have to. He simply frustrated men into motoring suicide by refusing them passage, taunting them, daring them to match his guts. Like screaming full out into a corner, abreast, seeing who would give and cut off first, with the Fox grinning contemptuously across at the other driver.

The thirty-fifth lap passed. Nine to go. The hours and miles weighted Don Hainton's shoulders. He coughed continuously and spat foul-tasting saliva. Frustration began to border on panic. He drove beyond his ability, beyond the limits of his car, yet the Fox held his margin. Ten car lengths seemed to be ten miles, an unbridgeable gulf across which a silver-helmeted figure drove like an impossible dream, pounding the side of his car in paroxysms of excitement.

Disconnected images shuttled through Hainton's mind like travellers through a terminus: Carla with red flowers in her hair; Carla holding his face in her soft hands. Carla on a float in Lugano . . . the Fox laughing at him; the Fox with blood dried on his mouth and chin; the Fox's silver head cradled in Carla's lap . . . towers of black smoke, engines exploding into flame, a body suspended in the air. . . .

If the Fox would just make one mistake. . . .

On the thirty-ninth lap it happened. The Fox hit oil on a blind corner and skidded. The back end of his Maserati swung wide. Don Hainton saw it in time to avoid the oil. The Fox corrected almost before the skid began, he was that good. Another driver might have lost the car entirely; not the Fox. But by the time he straightened out, Don Hainton was half a length behind.

He told himself that this was it. If he could stay on the Fox's tail through the Karussel, through Schwalbenschwanz, under the bridge and into the straight leading to the grandstands, he could take the Fox in the straight on the basis of engine power alone. And if he passed the Fox, he could stay ahead for the five remaining laps—he knew he could—and if he did that, the Fox would be beaten.

He let out wide open, screaming and roaring and rasping through the Karussel on the Fox's tail. He stayed with him. He stayed with him to Schwalbenschwanz, somehow holding the green car down when he knew it was far beyond its cornering limits.

Then, on the very last turn before the straight, the Fox virtually cornered sideways, pulled out and away, gaining a length.

The straight was so short that the length Don Hainton lost might have been a mile. But there still might be a chance. He swung out, stood on the accelerator. The Fox looked sideways at him and laughed, his chin scarlet in the sun.

The world was a blur of speed, but Hainton was closing the gap with infinite slowness. And then, as the two cars were nearly level, the Fox unleashed his final, carefully hoarded reserve. The Maserati's rev counter

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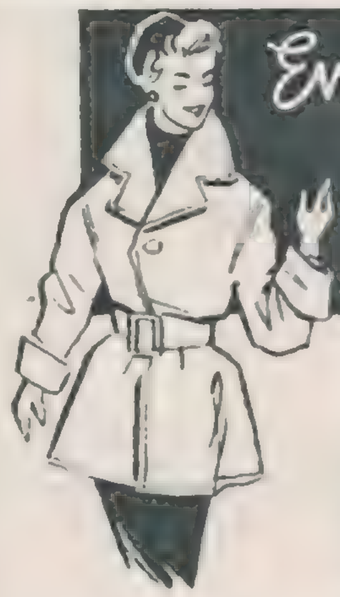

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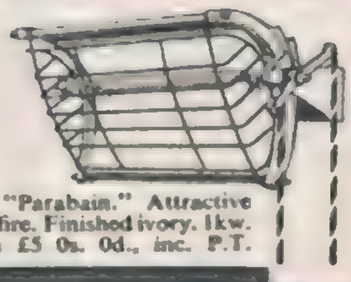

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vibrated at the limit of the red danger line. It was enough to hold the green car even.

The straight led into a hairpin beyond the grandstands. Don Hainton realized he couldn't possibly pass in time. He glanced over at the Fox, saw the mockery in the old man's eyes.

Then he knew what the Fox was about to do. With premeditation, the Fox was going to humiliate him, break him. The hairpin lay ahead. Don Hainton knew that the Fox would not give until he gave, would not cut off and brake until he cut off. It was his most effective display.

What lay in the balance? Carla? Racing? Life? *If there is a time to die,* he thought, *it is now.*

Abreast, the two cars screamed past the grandstands. The hairpin rushed forward. The normal cut-off point passed. Don Hainton felt the moment of decision flash by, tasted joy and fear together. How many more feet could he go and live?

He looked at the Fox. The face was empty, no longer grinning. In that instant Don Hainton saw something in the Fox snap, something age. Then the Fox was gone behind. He had broken.

AND Don Hainton knew it was too late. He got half-way around the hairpin before the car lifted beneath him, slammed down into dirt and rose again, end over end. When it came down again, it struck an embankment and bounced perfectly level into the air, travelling away from the track, backwards, so that he had the extraordinary experience of seeing the hairpin for a split second from the air, of seeing that the Fox had got safely around and was crawling along the road—*crawling!*

Then he was conscious only of falling. And then nothing. . . .

Was it an hour, a day or an eternity of darkness? He didn't know. But he knew he was alive when he felt pain and saw light again. He was in a hospital room and the Fox sat on a chair beside his bed.

"Hallo, 'Baldo,'" he said.

The Fox leaned forward, looked at him closely. "Good! You are awake."

"Am I hurt bad?"

He shook his head, dismissed the injuries. "A few broken things. You'll be all right by next season."

"I beat you, 'Baldo.'"

The old man stared through the window. "Yes, you beat the Fox."

"But you won the race."

"I did not win the race. I stopped my car and walked away from it."

He was surprised, and not surprised. "Why, 'Baldo'?"

"Why? Why?" the Fox said savagely. "Why does anyone do these things? It was the end of something and that was the thing to do."

Don lay and listened to the Fox's angered breathing. Then the Fox said, "I grow old. I will race no more."

After a while the Fox said, "You can have Carla."

"Why now? What is different now?"

"Because you would take her anyway now."

"Yes, I would." The realization flooded through him.

"You have learned to choose death for life's sake," the Fox said. "Now nothing can stop you. Before, you would not take Carla despite me. You would not take her despite herself. On the course you would not then have done what you did today. Now you are a true man."

He felt the truth of the words gather in his mind and body like energy. He lay there and felt it and watched the old man stare stonily out of the window. Then the Fox's face softened and he could see pain in the dark eyes.

"You have gained it," the Fox said. "I have lost it. Yes, I grow old."

The Fox's eyes and mind were far away looking into another time and place. A tear formed in each eye. Don Hainton put his hand on the Fox's wiry, tanned hand and left it there.

Carla, he thought. THE END

MY BROTHER Cecil

WHEN Cecil was at his preparatory school, he determined to get out of playing football so that he could go to sketching classes. He therefore pretended to have flat feet.

Here his acting ability came to the fore, because he even managed to convince a Harley Street specialist that he was suffering from the complaint.

His interest in the theatre led Cecil into a passion for collecting picture postcards of the leading ladies of musical comedy. He would spend all his pocket money, not on sweets, but on enlarging his collection. His favourite star was Miss Lily Elsie, who was often photographed holding a large artificial bunch of roses.

One day my mother and brother went to be photographed by the same person who took the pictures of his heroine. My mother was given a bunch of roses to hold, and suddenly Cecil recognized them. "They're the same roses that Lily Elsie held," he shouted, and snatched the bouquet. It took a long time to persuade him that it would look funny for a little boy to be photographed holding flowers.

My brother himself became an enthusiastic photographer and I can remember having to pose as one of his musical comedy actresses. He forgot that I was only a schoolgirl and dressed me in a huge heavy opera coat which he had borrowed from my mother's wardrobe.

Cecil was so absorbed in the preparations that he did not notice that I was growing tearful and exhausted under the weight of the voluminous cloak, which started slipping off my small shoulders. After half an hour he excitedly cried "Ready!" and glanced up to see that all was in order before he clicked the camera.

He was furious. Instead of a beautiful young woman, I appeared like a pathetic waif, my face tear-stained and the lovely green cloak slipping down to reveal a school dress.

Cecil left college, which he had reluctantly attended, without a degree. Father eventually made him go into an office in the City for £1 a week, but Cecil couldn't stand the routine and went for a long holiday in Venice.

While there, he wrote to Father saying that he would never enter the world of business again. Father agreed sadly and admitted that he had been paying Cecil's boss the £1 a week himself to keep him in his job. But the holiday proved to be the start of my brother's career.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 55

Up in the world

Continued from page 15

fully a quarter of a mile for fourpence. I had a simple formula for getting business: I just picked on the paler, weaker-looking passengers in the expectation that they were more likely to need assistance.

I was also beginning to enjoy some aspects of school life. For one thing, I was becoming useful at drawing and painting, and I won a prize for a water-colour of a landscape I had remembered from my wanderings round the countryside near Hatfield.

What was even more important was that the school was sport mad, and many of my pals were the sons of Royal Marines stationed at the local depot, and therefore had the freedom of the barracks gymnasium. I was keener on sport than anything, and to football and cricket I now added boxing, mainly because my best friend, a well-built, athletic lad called Phiz Pittuck, was very good at it.

Often in the evenings we would go off to the gymnasium for instruction by Royal Marines physical training experts, and I soon learned a lot of tricks with the gloves on. I needed them, for I was still tiny for my age and weighed only five stone nine.

It was the happiest time of my childhood. Besides boxing, I had another new interest: the Sea Scouts. I liked best the times when we went out in the longboats, pulling around Deal Harbour. One day, after a Sea Scouts' meeting, I came across a film unit on the quay. They were on location, using the boathouse and the Deal lifeboat, and the place was alive with actors, extras and technicians. It was my first glimpse of show business.

I was fascinated. I hung around, taking care to get in nobody's way, and when darkness fell and they began shooting a storm scene I stayed in the shadows, watching and listening.

It was seven o'clock in the morning when I got home. . . .

About this time, I took on a newspaper round at one and sixpence a week, but got the sack when I stayed away with a severe chill.

It was only temporary unemployment, however, for a few days later I got a Saturday job as errand boy for a butcher. It was heavier work, and I rarely finished before eight o'clock on Saturday night, but the pay was better—half a crown.

Out of my half a crown, my guardians took two shillings, and it was the same when I left school at fourteen to become full-time delivery boy to a china shop. I had a barrow to take round the cups, saucers and ornaments we were selling, and I was paid ten shillings a week, out of which my guardians took nine and sixpence.

I was fired with an ambition to get a better errand boy's job, and when a vacancy came up at Lipton's farther up the High Street I was in there within minutes of being told about it. What attracted me was the fact that they had a tricycle for deliveries.

The manager's reaction wasn't encouraging: he thought I was too small. I probably did look a bread-and-jam midget, but I suggested he should try me out on the tricycle. He came out to supervise the riding test. To my horror I found I couldn't reach the pedals, but when I shifted from the saddle to the back mudguard I was all right. I was engaged.

I was soon accepted by all the other shop boys, and by some pedestrians, as the fastest errand boy in Deal, so that when I heard that the Home and Colonial was looking for a boy I applied, knowing that the manager would have heard about me. I was right. My fame had spread, and he offered me fourteen shillings a week, two shillings more than I was getting at Lipton's.

When I went back to Lipton's to say that I would be leaving, the manager said: "Stay with us and we'll give you fourteen."

Then I went back to the Home and Colonial to explain that I would not be going there after all, but this manager said: "We'll give you sixteen shillings."

By now, I was beginning to see the value of competitive enterprise, and I returned to Lipton's convinced that the manager there would go to eighteen shillings. But he didn't, and I changed jobs and cycles.

There was an unfortunate sequel. Three weeks after I began my new job, the firm introduced a van for deliveries. I was redundant, and I couldn't very well go back to Lipton's.

In this short time, though, my guardians had increased my allowance to a shilling, and I had started to buy the odd packet of Woodbines. In addition, Phiz Pittuck had given me a staggering pair of brick red long trousers: I had a roll-collar jersey and a grey-blue jacket and some fur-lined gloves my mother had sent me for my birthday.

I was in the first stages of wanting to be a grown man, and one summer's day I went along the front at Deal in this extravagant outfit, with the gloves turned back to show the fur. People turned and stared, and laughed, and I felt like diving behind a wall. The laughter shook me. I wanted to cry.

Then I ran into one of the shopkeepers I knew in the High Street, out for a walk with his wife, and he remarked, apparently quite seriously, on my smartness. His kind words restored my confidence. In that short walk, I ran the gamut of perkiness, shame, fear, pleasure. In later years the experience was invaluable as comedy material.

Losing my job was a blow, for it meant that I reverted to ten shillings a week. The only job I could get was at a milliner's shop in Walmer, and I went to live with new guardians. Fred was now working in a coal merchant's office and attending night school, and had left to share digs with a friend. I was alone again, away from Fred and Phiz Pittuck, and the loneliness gave me ideas of getting back to London.

I CALLED at the juvenile welfare section of the Deal Labour Exchange, whose officials presently came up with a job for me as a commis-waiter at the Artillery Mansions Hotel in Victoria Street, London.

It kept me busy. At first, as an apprenticeship, I had to serve the manager and other members of the staff with their meals, and then I progressed to serving coffee in the lounge. I also had to go round the rooms in the morning collecting the breakfast trays, and it occurred to me that these residents who stayed in bed for breakfast must be very important and very rich. Still, I never envied them: I had a comfortable bed, some measure of independence for the first time in my life, a bunch of good pals among the pageboys from other hotels in the neighbourhood, and more money than I knew what to do with.

Fifteen shillings a week seemed to go a long way. I realized that I even had enough to take a taxi, and after watching the rank at Victoria one afternoon, I hailed a cab and ordered the driver to take me round the block. When it came to paying, though, it seemed like sacrilege. It was my first and last taxi for a long time.

Most of my earnings I spent on clothes. I still had a rather flamboyant taste, and was emerging as something of a masher. I bought myself

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a silver grey trilby, a double-breasted waistcoat, a navy blue suit, and a pair of pointed shoes. I was coming to see myself as a real man-about-town.

The favourite recreation of the page-boys and some of the waiters was dancing, and a group of them used to go to a dancing school in Chelsea. I started going with them. After half an hour's instruction, the proceedings became a general dance, and I realized that I could not get a partner because of my pint-size. I was four-foot-ten in my patent leather shoes, and girls would politely decline my invitations or say they had reserved the dance, or laugh openly in my face. It was the laughter that hurt most.

The hotel job didn't last long. I had done my rounds for the breakfast trays one morning and was on the top floor. I called down to another page-boy to send the lift up, but as I leaned forward a tray slipped off my hand and rattled down the shaft, smearing butter and marmalade all over the place.

A few minutes later the head waiter beckoned me. He was kind but firm. "If I get you another place to work, will you leave?" I've been sacked often, but this was the nicest firing of them all, for he did in fact find me a job, as a pageboy at the Forum Club for women near Hyde Park Corner.

It was a living-in job, eight and sixpence a week, with a neat buttons-and-braid uniform provided. In the club office was a pretty brunette of about eighteen and most of the page-boys couldn't keep their eyes off her. They were always talking to her. I had to move fast. Putting on my best manner, I asked: "May I take you out some time?" She smiled, then started to laugh, and I wanted to be anywhere but in the foyer of that club. Then she said: "But you couldn't afford it."

So this was the only snag; not my size, but money. "If I save up enough, will you come?" She agreed, and I was on air.

ABOUT a fortnight later, when I had saved thirty shillings, we went on the town together. She was the first girl I had ever taken out, and I was determined to do the thing properly. I bought her flowers and a box of chocolates, a routine I had noticed among the escorts calling for the Forum Club ladies, and then we went into the two-and-nines at a West End cinema, and later to a restaurant for dinner.

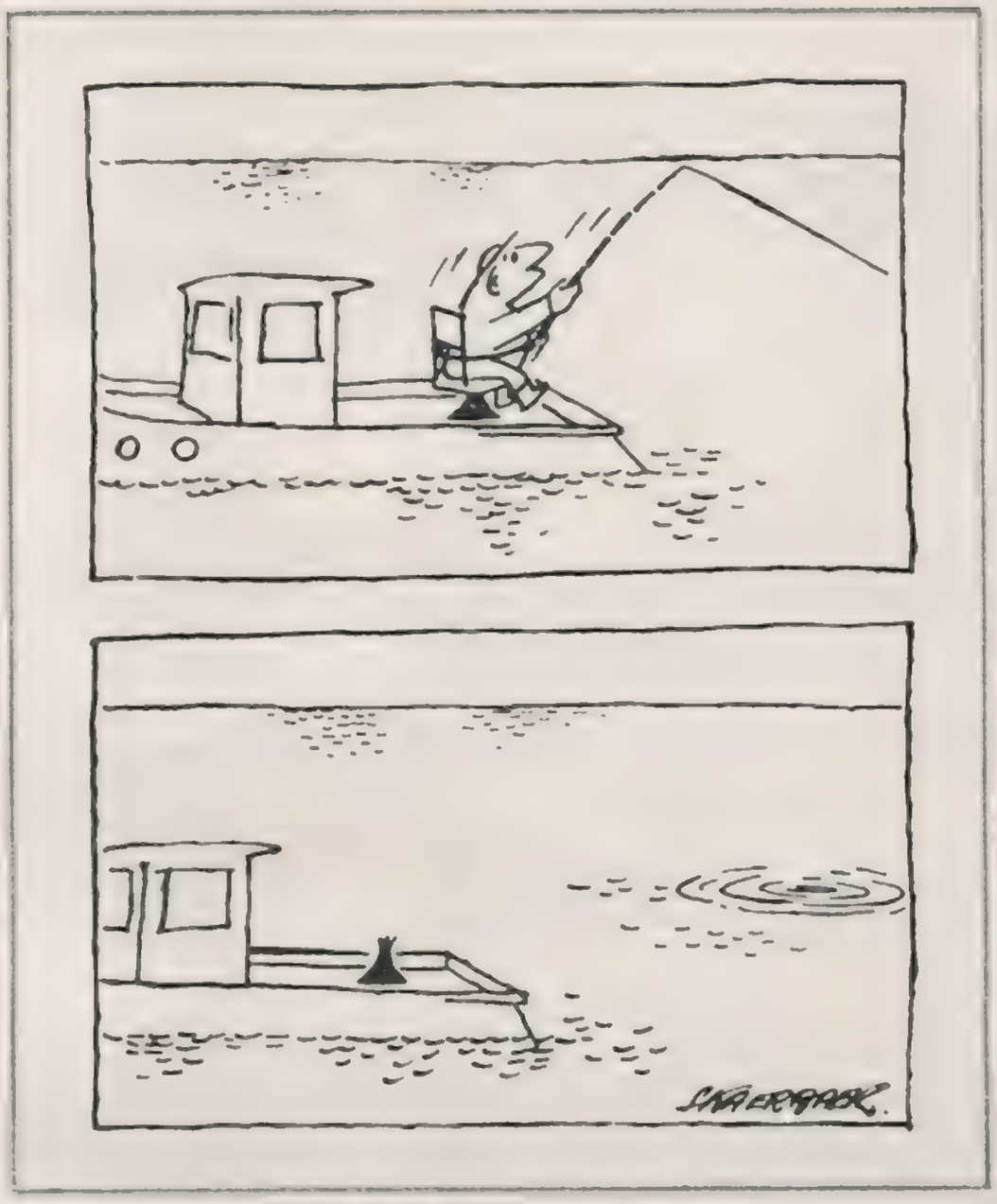
I had two and threepence when we came out, just about enough for a taxi to Victoria, where she picked up her bus. As the bus left, it occurred to me that she might not have her fare. I began running after the bus, shouting: "Miss! Miss! Here's sixpence for your fare." She saw me, but hurried up to the top deck, apprehensive about the scene I was creating.

We never went out together again.

I had made friends with another pageboy at the club, a fiery little Welshman, and as summer came and I had nowhere to spend my holidays, he suggested I should go home with him to a village near Cardiff. Excitedly, we caught the coach at Marble Arch and the long ride was a great thrill. His people welcomed me warmly, and for the next two weeks I was in heaven—going into Cardiff, walking round the valleys, and relishing home comforts.

We were dispirited on the way back to London. Having sampled the delights of a secure home, I suggested that we might get jobs in the pit in South Wales and live with his mother and father, and the idea attracted him. We decided to give notice, and I gave mine on our first day back. My friend had second thoughts, though, and when my week's notice had expired I found I had nowhere to go.

I wandered around the streets all one Monday afternoon, and in the evening hung around outside the club. It turned out that my friend had told one of the women employed at the club about my plight, and she came out and took me home with her. Her husband was a massive London policeman, gentle and understanding, and I stayed with them until my friend was



ready to leave. I remember it was a warm summer's day, and he came out of the club with a bootbox under his arm loaded with food.

We started to hitch-hike, setting out along the Bayswater Road. The road was thick with traffic, but nobody offered us a lift. That night, and for three more nights, we slept in hedges. We walked all but about twenty of the 100 miles to Cardiff.

Then our happy partnership came apart. In the centre of Cardiff, Joe suddenly had misgivings about taking me home, and confessed that he hadn't mentioned it to his parents. We quarrelled violently, and Joe walked off with the rest of our rations.

I was fourteen and alone in a strange city, and I didn't know which way to turn. I had no food, no money, and I knew nobody. After a while, it came to me that there was one way out: I could go down to the docks and try to join a ship as a cabin boy.

On the quayside I came on a group of workmen at lunch. They asked me what I was doing in the shipyard, and at first they wouldn't believe it when I said I had walked from London. I showed them my shoes, which were worn right through. Then they gave me some tea and sandwiches, and raised seven shillings by a whip-round.

I was in the wrong part of the docks for signing on a ship, and I learned it was a good thing, because officially there were no jobs going. One of the workmen knew a captain and he took me along the docks and across a gang-plank to meet the skipper of a freighter called the Maindy. "As a matter of fact," the captain said, "we do need a cabin boy for this trip."

It was a brilliantly sunny morning when we sailed, with a clear blue sky, and the sea as still as the river near the Victoria Embankment; yet after an hour I felt queasy, and the sickness lasted two days.

I never knew what hard work was until now. Each day started with a trip to the bridge with a mug of tea for the first officer. Then I had to go round wakening up the captain, the chief steward and the first and second mates with tea, and go to the galley to prepare breakfasts. Until eleven o'clock, I peeled potatoes. Then I cleaned the galley and went around polishing the ship's brass, and I never realized how much brass even a freighter carries. I rarely finished before eleven at night, and soon found I couldn't keep awake during the day.

One morning, I tried to steal an extra few minutes in my bunk. Suddenly, I was roused by a raucous Welsh voice yelling: "Lazy little swine! Get out of it!"

I caught a glimpse of the first mate, a massive fellow whose biceps stretched his rolled shirtsleeves to tearing point, just as he punched me in the face. It was a real punch, too, and I could feel the blood trickling down my face. I never stayed in bed after that.

Like most sailors, the crew were handy with their fists: they didn't take me very seriously when I asked to be allowed to join in their boxing sessions, but I soon showed all I had learnt from the Marines.

After we had unloaded at Buenos Aires, a number of crewmen took me into the city. They knew a boxing booth where I might pull off a surprise. We went through the modern streets with their skyscrapers—an altogether different place from the shanty town I had imagined—and at the booth entered me against a flyweight challenging anyone to stand up to three rounds.

In the first few seconds I took a punch which staggered me, but I kept on my feet and thereafter I gave more than I took. Battered and dazed but rather proud, I joined the boys in spending the money I'd won.

I wasn't looking forward to the return trip, with its dreary routine of tea-deliveries, polishing and potato peeling. We took on mounds of potatoes, and soon I had an idea.

Each time I went to the potato locker, aft of the ship, I had to bring out two bucketsful for peeling in the galley. This time, I emptied two bucketsful through the locker porthole first. I continued this routine, throwing out two loads for every two I took to the galley. Halfway across the Atlantic we were out of potatoes.

The quartermaster got the blame, and he was more baffled than I was.

After unloading grain at Rotterdam, we travelled light to Barry, where I signed off and collected £6 10s. I went to stay with a dock worker, who suggested he should take charge of the £6 10s. From time to time he gave me an odd sixpence or a shilling, but whenever I asked for more to buy new clothes he warned against silly spending.

From his conversation, I gathered he was now more interested in the pickings than in my welfare, so I packed a bag and reported to the juvenile welfare section in Cardiff. While they were trying to fix a job for me in London, I stayed in a boys' hostel and took on any work I could.

For two hours daily, I trudged the back streets of the city selling hot rolls. There were only two other lads beside myself in the hostel, and they disappeared shortly before Christmas.

On Christmas morning, I awoke in the long, cold dormitory to begin the worst day of my life. I collected my Christmas dinner from the kitchen, and looked disconsolately at the sausage and mash as I sat down alone at the bareboard table. This was just about the end. I sat crying for a long time.

It was just before the New Year that I began wandering again. A job was found for me at a pub at Teddington, I was given my rail fare, and reported there. The publican, a jovial, tweedy man with greying hair, laughed when I told him why I had been sent; laughed so much that I thought he would have a seizure. "Son," he said, red-faced from laughing, "I want a strong chap who can carry barrels of beer upstairs." He sent me packing.

In London, I called at a domestic servants' agency in the West End. They had a vacancy for a scullery boy in a family house at Earls Court. I took it.

That night, I felt ravenous. I tucked into a chicken in the pantry, thinking nobody would mind, but the master of the house held a mighty inquest next morning and accused me of stealing. My protests that I was merely hungry were unavailing. He said that from all the signs I must have a tremendous appetite, and fired me.

RIGHT away, the agency fixed me up as a kitchen boy in a rambling country house at Taunton, Somerset, and for a while all went well. I'll say this for my defence now: no youngster can develop properly without parental guidance. This I had been without for so long that I had become a cheeky little devil, and the cook, a matronly, middle-aged woman, was always on to me about my impertinence.

The real trouble began one morning when she pointed out that the boiler fire was out. Instead of setting about lighting it, I said: "So what?" She must have had to exercise great self-control to keep from hitting me.

Not long afterwards, though, when there had been some brushes between us, I was told I was not needed any more. The master of the house gave me my fare to London, which I decided to save and hitch-hike instead.

In London I decided to enjoy myself while the money—sixteen shillings—lasted. I had two good meals, went to the pictures, and in the evening played the pintables in a saloon on Charing Cross Road. When I came out, I hadn't enough for a cup of tea.

I slept on a doorstep in Victoria that night, and next day roamed the streets doing nothing in particular, eventually settling for the night behind the Marshal Foch statue. By the start of my third night out, I was so hungry that I could smell food aromas from unseen kitchens a long way off. I huddled behind the statue again, but I couldn't sleep.

Presently I got up and wandered over to a coffee stall, one of those

MY BROTHER CECIL
See page 53

Cecil Beaton, the photographer and stage designer, is Lady Smiley's brother

stationary wagons patronized by taxi-men and other London night-workers. I hung around in the shadows from the coffee stall lights, savouring the smell of the pies and the coffee urn.

After a while one of the men behind the counter spotted me. He beckoned me over. "Like a hot pie, son?" I nodded, trying to convey that I had no money without saying as much. "That's all right, son. Here you are."

He pushed a hot pie and a mug of Bovril towards me. I had no overcoat, and it was a cold autumn night, and I began to feel much warmer with the first food inside me for two days.

Next evening, after another day of aimless walking about, I saw people leaving the side door of a cinema. I stood there in the shadows, an idea forming, and when the next bunch came out I put my foot in the door and slipped inside. Nobody challenged me, I found a seat, watched the show through, then fell asleep.

It was the National Anthem that brought me awake; subconsciously, I suppose, I had been waiting for this signal to leave. At least I had had a warm, cosy sleep for two hours. I headed for the pie stall.

Now the routine was firm. Every evening for more than a week I went furtively to the pictures, called at the stall for a hot pie and a Bovril, and then kipped down behind the statue.

By now the stallholder was asking a lot of questions. One night, handing me my supper, he said: "This sort of life will do you no good. If you've nowhere to go, why don't you join the army?"

I had already considered this. "I'm too young," I said, "and too small."

"They take lads of fourteen for the army band," he said.

I took another bite at the pie. "I know nothing about music."

"Shouldn't let that worry you. Tell 'em you do."

ACTING on his advice, I called at the recruiting office at Great Scotland Yard next afternoon after thinking it over all morning. Two huge guards were on duty, and one of them explained that the recruiting section was closed for the day and that I had better come back next morning.

I told them I had nowhere to sleep, so they put me in the guardroom, gave me a meal and two blankets and a fine impression of the army.

In the morning I went for interview, only to be told there was a waiting list. But they did give me a medical.

I couldn't face another run of nights behind Marshal Foch and, though it went against the grain, I decided to look up my grandmother who lived just off the Edgware Road. She never had thought much of me, and I wasn't anxious to rejoin the family. My grandmother was a short, sturdy, grey-haired woman of about sixty, and she had no objection to my staying if I would get a job and pay my way.

Two days later I was a pageboy again, at the Regal, Marble Arch, now a Rank circuit Odeon where I have since done celebrity appearances. My wages were £1 a week out of which my grandmother took nineteen shillings.

"Just a glass and a pie, please"

In the morning Reginald Foort, the resident organist, practised regularly. He would go over the same piece time and again. I used to lean over the rail, listening, and one morning, when he had been running through the same tune interminably, I asked why he didn't play something else.

"You've got to keep on until you've got it absolutely right," he said smiling. It was a lesson in thoroughness I've never forgotten.

I worked at the Regal for two months before the letter came from the army advising that there was now a vacancy. As I went into the barely furnished room at Great Scotland Yard, the bandmaster, a sergeant-major, glanced up from his papers and asked: "What do you know about music?"

"Quite a lot, sir," I replied brightly.

"What instrument do you play?"

I hesitated, wondering if I should say the trumpet. He looked up sharply. "Well . . .?"

"I don't play any instrument, sir," I said. Then I added quickly: "But I know about music."

"What's a sharp?" he asked.

I begged his pardon.

"What's a sharp?"

I had to confess. "I don't know."

"What's a flat?"

When I admitted I didn't know this either, he flushed a little and said, "You don't know very much about music, really?"

I pleaded that I would like to learn.

"You should have said that in the first place."

"I thought I could bluff my way in," I admitted. "I see now I can't."

To my surprise, he accepted me, and I was posted to the King's Own Royal Regiment at Lichfield. It was an unimaginable heaven: companionship, sport, plenty of food, a bed and lessons in music. What more could anyone want? This was living.

The days slipped into weeks, and weeks into months, and I was happier than I had ever been. Presently I volunteered for a draft to Egypt and was given a month's leave on full pay. Naturally, I decided to spend the time in London, and as I could now afford it, I stayed with my grandmother.

One morning I answered a knock at the door and was astonished to find that the postman had a parcel addressed to me. Written on it was a non-delivery address, and inside were two hairbrushes from my mother. Through the years she had sent me little gifts via my grandmother, some of which had found me.

I was more interested in the address than in the brushes. Perhaps I would find my mother there. It was in the Old Kent Road, and I set out to find it right away.

It was my mother's sister who came to the door. She seemed pleasantly surprised and immediately went to the post office to send a telegram to my mother, who arrived shortly afterwards wearing a fur coat and looking quite prosperous. It was an emotional reunion and she was upset to discover that I was now in the army.

Since we had last been together she had become a moderately successful dress designer and had visited South Africa. Now she considered the army was no place for anyone with ambition, and she kept saying that I had to make something of myself.

At first I regarded this as nonsense. What was wrong with the army? It had given me more than anyone had ever given me. But in the days that followed, my mother convinced me that I could probably do better. When my leave ended she returned with me to the regiment and bought me out.

She had an attractive flat in Russell Square and I moved in with her, and one of the first things she did was to buy me an outfit of clothes. Despite all this, however, I soon became bored.

With my mother at work all day, I teased away the hours as best I could until the loneliness and inactivity were too much for me.

To make things worse, I had lost all appetite for work and had become lazy; worse still, I felt that the big things my mother expected of me were impossible to accomplish. I had no education to speak of, and the procession of menial jobs I had done fitted me for nothing.

Presently, to overcome the tedium, I moved in with my aunt in the Old Kent Road. She didn't like the way I was drifting, and one morning told me that I was very lazy and that I was relying on my mother's money too much. I began looking for a job which I could do and which would also satisfy my mother's ideas of respectable employment.

Once I had been reasonably good at drawing and painting, and now, with my mother's help, I got an interview for a draughtsman's job with a big steel company.

In an office on the Embankment, the chief draughtsman, tall, precise and bespectacled, asked what I knew about trigonometry. It looked like a bandmaster session all over again; I wasn't even clear what the word "trigonometry" stood for.

Instead of blustering, though, I came clean from the start. I explained that I could draw and paint, and in proof I produced a few examples of my artistry.

THE chief draughtsman regarded them with some show of approval. "You are certainly neat, and you have some aptitude," he observed. Then: "All right. But you will have to go to night school to study mathematics and all the other subjects you need to know." I was engaged—at ten shillings a week.

On the following Monday morning I was allocated a high desk in a long-windowed drawing office where men worked amid a paraphernalia of set-squares, compasses and slide-rules. I looked about me with some trepidation.

Presently one of the men came over, placed a complicated drawing before me and, using a baffling technical language which included such terms as "*pi*-r-squared" and "hypotenuse," instructed me to sort things out and plan a new floor for a building.

In retrospect, I realize it was a joke for which someone must have felt sorry afterwards. But, in that moment, I was overcome with dread. The drawing was a bewildering jigsaw puzzle that meant nothing. I gazed at this awful thing for some moments, then asked for directions to the lavatory.

But I didn't go there. I walked straight out of the building, out on to the Embankment. I daren't tell my mother what I had done. I walked along, watching the river craft, wondering which way to turn now. There seemed only one thing for it. I made for the recruiting office.

NEXT WEEK: I tour the music halls—looking for work

Small world at your feet

Continued from page 25

another ant the ants face each other, tautly extend their front legs and interlock jaws. With every sign of ecstasy a drop of food is then passed from mouth to mouth—and the practice is repeated until the entire colony is fed.

Some entomologists believe that this compulsive act has a profound significance to ants. It signifies friendship, perhaps, and reassures the ant of its value to the community. Also it has a very practical purpose, for it means that only a proportion of the workers need to forage, and this releases the rest of them for constructive tasks.

Ants are cousins to the bees and the wasps, and totally unrelated to the so-called white ants, or termites, of warmer countries. In some places abroad, particular species of ant have been introduced to make war on termites and other pests. A large colony of wood ants, whose workers squirt a spray of formic acid, may kill a hundred thousand pests in a day, including beetles, woodlice and caterpillars.

Yet, paradoxically, some ants are great protectors of insects. The black garden ant is one of several species in Britain which encourages aphides—greenfly and blackfly—by rounding them up, protecting them, and "milking" them of their sweet honey-dew. Without the fond attention of the ants many aphides, which may provide twenty drops of honey-dew each in twenty-four hours, would smother in their own "honey."

Such is the success of ants that an estimated five thousand species of insect, particularly beetles and spiders, regularly sponge on them. They hang around a nest until they are saturated with the odour that belongs to that particular colony. Then they invade the nest and may be accepted by the ants, who feed them, clean them and encourage them in their idleness even at the expense of the ant queen and her brood.

Researchers at Rothamsted, in Hertfordshire, have estimated that there is a population of at least three million ants in each acre of land there. But fortunately ants are not a major pest to farmers and gardeners.

ENTOMOLOGISTS deprecate comparisons between ant and human societies, but certainly—as in mankind—ants are their own worst enemies. Co-operation is essential among the members of one community if only to remove their dead, which each year may number a third of a community millions strong. Yet civil wars happen, colonies attack other colonies, and one species will fight another, employing every available resource of vicious biting mandibles, stings and stores of acid.

Ants, protected by a tough suit of armour, are difficult to squash. They will not easily drown, and they can survive poison ineptly administered. Recently an Italian scientist extracted from the bodies of one species of ant a natural insecticide as powerful as D.D.T.

"Ants will go anywhere and get away with almost anything," says Reginald Hammon, a pest control expert. "I've seen house ants in a jam roll securely wrapped in Cellophane. And I remember a London reception when the bride cut her wedding cake and a swarm of Pharaoh's ants emerged."

Nobody has yet invented a way to exterminate ants out of doors. "Indoors," says Hammond, "you must get at the queens. I try to trace the ants back to their nest and then pack in a powder insecticide. Even then you've got to keep at them."

Fossils reveal that ants have existed for at least a hundred million years. It is going to take more than a puff of insecticide to sound their last post.

THE END

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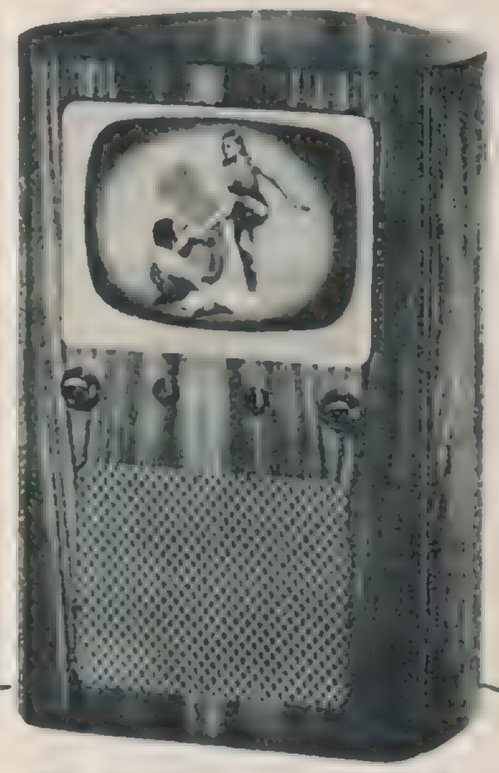

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FROM THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

Designers for living

Continued from page 41

British products in the Haymarket this year to promote national interest and improvement in design says there are 2,500 designers practising in Britain. These include specialists in interior decoration, architecture, commercial art, exhibition work and packaging. Less than a hundred men are engaged full-time as freelance product designers. More than 150 designers, some of them staff men, have their work in the Haymarket exhibition. Scott and Ashford are represented by a counting and imprinting machine, clocks and bathroom equipment.

"Consultant product designing is a new field in this country," says Scott. "Until about two years ago it was an uphill struggle for us, or any freelance designers, to get a steady flow of work. But now the profession is on its feet, although the reluctance of British manufacturers to consult outside designers is still apparent. They are used to getting designs out of their own drawing offices. Most freelance designers work from their own homes and, even if they are engaged on assignments most of the time, they would not make much more than £1,000 a year."

Scott and Ashford run an office in Gloucester Place, London, and their business is growing. They plan to employ other designers and a draughtsman to keep pace with assignments.

FREQUENTLY, they receive products for redesigning. There have been clocks, cash registers, expensive electronic equipment, business machines and a tea-making machine.

Toughest assignment for the partners was the design of a new heavy duty lorry cab for A.E.C. After their fourteenth sketch had failed to impress, Scott picked a design nearest the company's liking and persuaded the executives to let him show it in three dimensions. Four hundredweight of Plasticine was delivered to the company's Park Royal works and the designers worked for three weeks building a full-size model on a wooden base.

As the model neared completion, Scott was told to finish it in fire-engine red. "That's the worst colour for a lorry, so if we like it in that we'll like it in anything," a director said. Scott finished the model as ordered, collected his fee and went back to his office. Months later, when Scott had interpreted silence from A.E.C. as lack of enthusiasm for the design, he saw one of the new-styled lorries on the road. "The new cab is in production," a company official told him. "The design is fine."

Scott, now redesigning a wide range of domestic products, has many on the market. A maker of household goods assigned him to contrive a collapsible ironing board that was different and better than any available. He started by ironing clothes on his wife's standard board, and then planned a board of revolutionary design.

The manufacturer was sceptical, and so was Scott's wife. Trial boards were made and after a week's use both critics agreed that it was a very practical design. "The ironing board is now on the market, but selling slowly," says Scott. "We are confident it will become popular."

A few years ago London Transport consulted Scott and Ashford on the interior decoration and outside appearance features for the new single-deck Green Line coaches. There was some opposition when they suggested squared mudguards for the bus, but when a full-scale model was built squared mudguards were put on one side and curved ones on the other.

London Transport designers studied the model for a few days before they decided that squared mudguards were more in keeping with the long lines of the coach. The new shape was adopted for all the coaches.

Scott trained as a silversmith and jeweller in London, and in 1929 joined an electrical firm to design light fittings. In 1936 he was hired by the Raymond Loewy organization, which was established as the top industrial design firm in Britain and America. Scott worked on a variety of designs, from flat irons to electric cookers, and was due to be transferred to Loewy's New York office when war broke out.

He worked at the De Havilland aircraft company during the war, first in the experimental office and then, when every aircraft available was being put into the air, in the engine repair workshop. Ashford, meanwhile, commanded a small naval coastal craft patrolling the south coast. He had worked in peacetime as a commercial artist and then as a designer for Loewy.

"We were given obsolete light machine-guns for the craft," he says. "I designed mountings, shields and ammunition stowage equipment to make us a little more formidable."

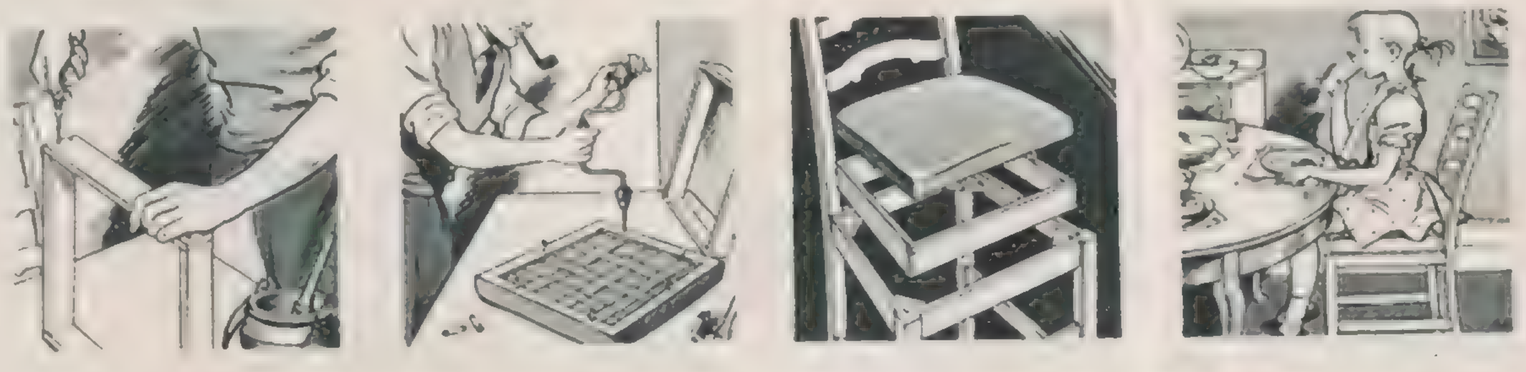
Scott and Ashford teamed up in 1947 and have built the business together. Both are training industrial designers for the future. Scott helped to found the three-year course in industrial design at the Central School of Arts and Crafts in 1945, and now lectures there. Ashford is Reader in Industrial Design Engineering at the Royal College of Art.

Scott claims great satisfaction with his job. On a recent visit to his sister-in-law, he kept looking at a clock over the mantelpiece. "It's a beauty, isn't it?" said his sister-in-law. "And it only cost fifty-five shillings."

"I know," said Scott, remembering the assignment for an elegant, low-cost clock. "I designed it." THE END

Make yourself at home

Each week, JOHN BULL pays five guineas for the best original and practical "do-it-yourself" home hint from a reader. Those selected are illustrated by Stanley Herbert. Send your hints to: "Make Yourself At Home," JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.



TO enable a small child to sit comfortably at the table I made a simple attachment for our dining chairs. I screwed together four pieces of 3 in. by ½ in. deal to form a frame of the exact dimensions of the chair seats. When one of the seats is removed the frame fits neatly on to the seat supports. I fitted six dowels into the seat to hold it in position when the frame is in use. By removing the frame the chair can be used normally.—*G. E. Gunner, Trevose Road, Walthamstow, London, E.17.*

The one that got away

Continued from page 39

beside him. Facing them were Wagner, by the window, and Wilhelm.

The train left Halifax at about 7.30 p.m. It was snowing heavily. The outer windows were almost completely covered with ferns of frost on the inside. There was a thick layer of ice on the bottom of the frame between the inner and outer windows. The prisoners could see the lights of Halifax through the small areas of glass that were frost-free.

Soon after the train started, a Canadian officer gave the following orders, which Wagner interpreted:

Prisoners would not be permitted to move from that coach to the next; they could move about within the coach, but in each bay of four seats not more than one man was to stand up at one time; anybody wishing to go to the lavatory was to hold up his hand, and prisoners would be escorted to the lavatory one at a time in turn; windows were not to be opened or tampered with—the guards knew what to do if they saw anyone violating this order; at night, after the seats and the luggage racks above them had been converted into bunks, there was to be no further movement of prisoners about the coach.

The coach became unbearably hot. Von Werra sat in his shirt sleeves next to the ice-covered window and perspired like a stoker. It took the prisoners some time to find the equable setting of the heat regulators. The guards seemed as indifferent to the intense heat inside the coach as they had been to the intense cold outside it.

Several hours later German orderlies came in and erected in the bays the long, collapsible tables that were stored under the windows. One of them handed out thick slices of new white bread liberally spread—*with butter*! Other orderlies carried in large containers of food. Grinning broadly and winking, they whipped off the covers. There were exclamations all over the coach.

Potatoes fried crisp and brown in bacon fat, baked beans with tomato sauce, thick slices of fried "sowbelly"!

Afterwards there was tinned fruit—and coffee. Not acorn *ersatz* with saccharine, not concentrated coffee and chicory diluted from a bottle, as in British camps, but real coffee, made from coffee beans, black, piping hot, sweetened with sugar.

After the meal the prisoners were in a benign and expansive mood. So this was Canada! Most of the men eyed their guards with a new tolerance, a musing interest.

Von Werra was tickled to see that one good meal had been enough to undermine the determination of half a dozen escapers, men who had talked about escape *ad nauseam* during the crossing.

Good-natured extroverts that they were, the guards responded at once to the more friendly atmosphere and were drawn into the conversation of various groups through prisoners with a knowledge of English. It soon became known that the German officers were being taken to a new prison camp on the north shore of Lake Superior, Ontario.

This piece of information was vital to von Werra. It meant that the train would in all probability pass through Montreal and Ottawa, and, according to Wagner, the best place to escape from the train would be between those two cities, for the Canadian-U.S.A. border, the River St. Lawrence, was within a day's hitch-hiking distance.

There was no chance of getting out of the lavatory window. The door was wedged open and a guard stood near the doorway all the time the prisoner was inside. It would have to be the coach window. But with a guard standing only a few yards away, this looked impossible.

The attempt would have to be made while the train was in motion. As soon as it stopped, at signals or in stations, the three guards on duty in the coach were immediately on the alert, and other guards kept both sides of the train under observation. The other prisoners would have to stage a diversion at the critical time for the benefit of the three guards on duty; perhaps a quarrel farther along the coach might be the thing.

OWING to the height of the window above the floor, and the narrowness of the aperture, he could not jump out feet first, but would have to dive out head first.

To do so while the train was travelling at speed would be suicidal. He would have to choose a moment when the train was travelling slowly, preferably just after it started following a halt. He would need the cover of darkness; the best time would be shortly before dawn.

How was he to get the windows opened unnoticed? He observed that when the train halted for any length of time, the heat inside the coach partly melted the frost on the panes and the ice on the frame between them.

After a long stop, he thought, it should be possible to open the inner window fairly easily. If he opened it just a little way—less than half an inch would do—the heat from the carriage should melt some of the ice on the frame between the two windows, and make it possible to open the outer window.

After the next long halt, von Werra put this plan into effect. Wagner stood up and kept an eye on the guards while von Werra, hidden by the backs of the seats, knelt down by the window and opened it about a quarter of an inch. He wedged it with paper in

IMAGINATION—3

Imagination is more important than knowledge.

Albert Einstein

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case the vibration of the train closed it again.

Thereafter, whenever a guard happened to pass by the bay in which they were sitting, von Werra or Wagner would lay an arm negligently along the window sill to conceal the tiny opening.

During the next long halt they had the satisfaction of seeing water from the melting ice trickle from the gap. The volume of ice between the windows greatly reduced in the next twenty-four hours. The process of freeing the frame would probably be accelerated if the coach temperature were raised to maximum. Von Werra therefore arranged with other prisoners to open all heat regulators to "Full" as soon as the train left Montreal.

There were several other difficulties to overcome: how to keep watch on three guards at once and to open the window when their attention was distracted; how to conceal the open window; how to shut both windows afterwards, for it would make all the difference if his disappearance were not discovered for some time; he must be wearing his overcoat when he dived out, but how, having been sitting in his shirt-sleeves, could he put it on without arousing the guards' curiosity?

An escaper must have luck, and luck solved most of these problems for von Werra.

The train reached Montreal late the following night. There was a long halt during which the heat was cut off while the locomotive was changed. The temperature in the coach dropped rapidly, and thus it was quite natural for the regulators to be opened fully when the heating was reconnected.

At the evening meal that night they had tomato soup, goulash and a whole case of desert apples. The prisoners were starved of fresh fruit and they ate the lot.

THIS surfeit of apples following the unaccustomedly rich and plentiful food of the past twenty-four hours proved too much for the prisoners' systems. In von Werra's coach from midnight onwards there was a long queue for the lavatory, and some of the traffic had to be diverted to the guards' lavatory at the other end of the coach. The three guards on duty were highly amused, and at times there was only one guard left in the coach.

In spite of the stifling heat in the coach, one or two of the prisoners, white-faced and shivering from sickness, wrapped their coats or blankets about them, and sat hugging their stomachs. Von Werra was able to put on his overcoat without arousing the slightest suspicion. Afterwards he sat with his head in his hands. The guards were not expecting any of the prisoners to escape in their present condition.

But the train would not slow down. It went on and on exasperatingly at high speed. It was hours before the brakes were applied with a gradually increased pressure that indicated a coming halt at a station.

Through his fingers, von Werra glanced at his three companions. All were wide awake and looking at him questioningly. Manhard and Wilhelm sat facing one another in the seats beside the gangway, each watching a guard. Their thumbs protruded from the blankets over their knees. Von Werra watched those thumbs. One was horizontal, the other vertical.

Now both were sticking up. Von Werra stood up, opened out his blanket and shook it. Wagner knelt behind it in front of the window. A second later he was back in his seat. Von Werra finished folding his blanket and sat down again.

The inner window was wide open. No word had been spoken.

The train stopped at a station. The remaining ice on the window frame and the frost on the glass were now fully exposed to the heat of the carriage. The guards stretched their limbs on the platform. The frost quickly melted on von Werra's outer window; through it he could see their silhouettes, massive against the station lights. If he could see them, they could see him.

All the other windows were pearl-grey and opaque from frost. His was

black and must be as noticeable as a gap in a row of teeth. Would the guards spot it? The minutes dragged interminably.

A bell clanged, the engine whistle sounded. The guards climbed aboard, banging the snow off their boots on the steps. Two of them got in the prisoners' end of the coach and had to walk back down the gangway to their seats. They would have to pass the defrosted window. Von Werra held his breath, keeping his head in his hands, peering between his fingers. The train was already moving. The first guard passed by looking straight ahead. The second approached more slowly. He was feeling his way. His spectacles were misted and he was squinting over the rims. He passed by.

Von Werra glanced at his friends. They were all ready.

There were several prisoners with raised hands, for during the halt there had been no visits to the lavatory. A guard escorted the first man out.

Two guards were left.

The train clanked and lurched over the points outside the station. It was gathering speed rapidly. Manhard's thumb was up.

Wagner, holding two corners of his blanket in his lap, looked at von Werra in anxious query. Von Werra nodded. Wagner stood up, and opened out the blanket. Wilhelm slid along into Wagner's corner seat.

Masked by the blanket, von Werra stood up, caught hold of the outer window, and jerked upwards. It did not move. Another fierce jerk and then a steady, sustained lift. The window opened smoothly.

A rush of cold air pressed the blanket against Wagner's body. He continued to shake the corners up and down, looking up the coach towards the two guards.

Von Werra felt the icy blast on his face, heard the unexpectedly loud and hollow beat of the wheels over the rail joints. Snowdrifts flashed by at a terrifying speed. The train was still accelerating.

It was sheer madness. Suicide. He couldn't possibly do it.

The next moment, Wilhelm saw von Werra's jack-boots disappear through the middle of the open window. For a split second, which he will never forget, he saw von Werra's body suspended almost horizontally a foot or so outside the coach.

It dropped back and was gone. There was nothing but the icy draught and the whine and the beat of the wheels on the rails.

Wilhelm shut the outer and inner windows and slid back along the seat. Wagner folded the blanket deliberately, slowly, and sat down.

No word was spoken. All three were aghast, incredulous. A few brief moments ago von Werra had been sitting there with his head in his hands. Now he was gone.

The three of them watched ferns of frost sprout rapidly over the window. Inside a minute the glass was completely covered. It was as though the window had never been opened.

They never saw von Werra again. They had not even had time to wish him luck.

At daybreak, Major Cramer, who was officer-in-charge of the prisoners in that coach, walked down the gangway to see how the men who had been ill during the night were getting on. When

IMAGINATION—4

Imagination is the first faculty wanting in those that do harm to their kind.

Margaret Oliphant

he reached the bay occupied by Wagner, Manhard and Wilhelm, he paused. All three were lying on their bunks. Von Werra's was empty. He raised his eyebrows interrogatively. Wagner nodded his head slowly.

Cramer passed on, smiling. It was not until late the following afternoon that von Werra's absence was discovered. The train was then several hundred miles from the point where he had dived out of the window. . . .

Von Werra landed on piled snow at the side of the track. The force of the impact drove all the breath from his body.

He lay for a minute, feeling sick from the shock. He had ricked his neck in the fall, and he ached all over.

Dizzily, he stood up and looked around him.

The cold struck him like a blow—he had jumped from stifling heat into thirty degrees of frost. The perspiration froze on his skin.

There was snow everywhere, the smell of pine trees. In the distance a red pin-point of light. The train's rear lamp. Then it was gone.

He felt a sudden surge of exhilaration. His temples throbbed, his neck ached, he was stiff, chilled to the marrow, and his nose stung. But he was free.

He became aware of the silence—the silence of snow. It was as though his ears were plugged with cotton wool. The sky was clear and the stars hung low and large. Heavens, it was cold! What a fool he had been not to think of getting a cap! He would have to do something or his ears would drop off with frostbite. He pulled from his pocket the tartan scarf he had bought at Swanwick, and wrapped it over his head.

Having taken a bearing on the Pole star, he crossed the railway track and set out southwards across a stretch of open country. The going was difficult. Each step he took he sank up to his calves in snow. The harsh, rasping sound of his boots in the snow seemed to fill the universe.

He began to imagine noises, and when he glanced back quickly over his shoulder, it was not only to check his bearing by the Pole star.

AFTER about an hour, he saw the outline of a pine forest, black against the pale horizon. There was no road or track along the edge of it. There was nothing for it but to find his way through.

The forest was full of noises—creakings, scufflings, whisperings, sighings, rustlings—breaking the awesome silence.

Sometimes he was in the open, knee-deep in snow, sometimes groping, stumbling in the blackness under the trees. Then he hit a broad avenue in the trees. It was a hundred yards wide—probably a fire break. The snow had been flattened by a tractor. It was like walking on a road. Ahead of him the tree tops formed an elongated V against the stars. Behind him the sky was paling. Dawn was near.

He hurried. The hard track was a godsend, but he was afraid that as soon as it became daylight he might encounter lumberjacks, or perhaps the man with the tractor. How could he explain his presence in the middle of a Canadian forest in such clothes at that time of day? He must get on to a highway.

The sun rose. The tips of the trees on his right were edged with gold and silver, and the pines cast gigantic shadows.

He walked several miles, but still the end of the avenue was not in sight. Suddenly he heard the sound of an engine. It sounded like a car, and it seemed to come from the trees on his right.

He listened intently. The noise grew louder, and after a few moments a car flashed across the avenue half a mile ahead of him, snow chains rattling.

A road!

Soon he had reached it.

For an hour he followed it without seeing any vehicles. Then it joined a wider road.

According to von Werra's subsequent accounts of what happened, a truck came along and he thumbed a lift in the manner Wagner had taught him. He had a tale ready for the driver. He was a Dutch seaman, he said. He had been twice dive-bombed crossing the Atlantic and had seen too many ships sunk by U-boats. He had had enough. He had relatives in Ottawa who would help him to land a job.

After some miles, the lorry driver set von Werra down where he was due to turn off the main highway.

"Plenty of stuff heading for Ottawa on this route," was the driver's parting remark. "You'll soon hitch a ride."

Sure enough, after a quarter of a mile, von Werra heard a rattle of snow-chains coming behind him. He removed his hand from his pocket ready to carry out the Wagner drill again. When he looked back his heart missed a beat.

He quickly put his hand back into his pocket and turned his back on the approaching vehicle.

It was a big saloon car. On its

front there was a large shield bearing the word POLICE.

Von Werra pretended to ignore the car as it drew level, but the driver braked and pulled in beside him.

So his third attempt had not been lucky after all.

The policeman beckoned him to get in. He had no option. Inside he noticed the radio receiver. That explained it. Police cars were probably out scouring every highway, looking for a short, fair man wearing an overcoat and no hat.

But from the policeman's opening remarks it appeared that he was more concerned with von Werra's half-completed hitch-hiking gesture.

"You changed your mind just in time," the policeman said. "If you'd hailed me, I'd have run you in. As it is I'll give you a lift."

And so it was that von Werra arrived at Johnstown on the north bank of the St. Lawrence and saw the twinkling lights of the United States beckoning him from the other shore.

He had no idea how he was going to cross the river.

According to a map which he had acquired from a garage, there were international bridges at Cornwall, forty-five miles downstream, and at Thousand Islands, forty miles upstream. Between the two bridges there were ferries at Morrisburg, Prescott and Brockville. Prescott was the nearest, only a few miles away, and he decided to investigate that first.

He walked south and came to what appeared in the gathering dusk to be a wide, flat, snow-covered valley. It was a few seconds before he realized that this was the River St. Lawrence.

He was tremendously excited. It was frozen over. All he had to do was to wait until it was quite dark and walk across to the United States.

It was far better than a ferry or toll bridge where, he surmised, he would have had to run the gauntlet of Customs, passport officials and police of two countries.

But the size of the river was terrifying. How wide was it? A quarter of a mile? Half a mile? The dusk and the snow made it impossible to judge. But it was a long, long way to the winking lights of the American city on the other side, which he reckoned from his map to be Ogdensburg.

He set out along the bank, wading knee-deep through the snow. He was dead-tired and ravenously hungry. He had eaten nothing for nearly twenty-four hours. It had been cold enough all day, but with the approach of night the temperature dropped rapidly; there was a bitter wind at his back. The cold and fatigue had made him drowsy. He fretted with impatience.

He had travelled thousands of miles as a fugitive; now there was only three-quarters of a mile at most between him and final freedom. It was the final hazard—and it proved to be the most difficult and the most gruelling.

VON WERRA struggled about two miles along the bank. It was desolate and silent. There was only the hum of the wind round his ears, the occasional flurries of powder blown along the surface of the snow.

He waited until long after dark. A haze of light hung over Ogdensburg.

At seven o'clock he left the comparative shelter of the bank and set off across the open ice of the river.

The snow had been blown into deep drifts near the bank. He floundered, fought his way forward foot by foot. Fifty yards out the going became comparatively easy, but the wind swept over the ice straight up the course of the river. It seemed to be laden with splinters of glass. Ice formed on his eyebrows, on the scarf over his head and on the upper part of his coat. Snow from the drifts he had struggled through turned into ice as he walked; the flaps of his coat were stiff like boards.

The glittering stars and the lights of Ogdensburg merged and traced scintillating lines across the snow.

He tripped over something and went sprawling. The ice was no longer smooth under its thin covering of snow, but jagged and rough as a road surface broken up by a pneumatic drill. He was so numb from cold that it was a minute or so before he felt the full hurt of his tumble.

He was winded and shaken. He lay for a moment, almost overcome by the urge to sleep, his senses pulling one way, his will the other. The wind dropped momentarily and he clearly heard the sound of a car horn. He got up, aching all over, slipping and stumbling.

He was only a quarter of a mile from the American shore. Cars rolled along the waterfront, headlights blazing.

He hurried forward eagerly, then stopped. Ten, fifteen yards . . . the snow seemed to stop. Beyond was blackness. The shore already? But why was there no snow?

Then he saw the lights reflected on the blackness. Water! He cou not grasp it. How could there be water here when the whole river was frozen over.

He frantically hacked with the heel of his boot at a slab of ice. A corner broke off and he tossed it forward into the blackness. It fell with a splash.

There was an ice-free channel between him and the American shore. To swim in that temperature would mean certain death. He had to go back.

Von Werra returned to the Canadian bank and walked along it towards Prescott. He came to a collection of chalets—a deserted summer holiday camp.

He floundered about in the deep snow on the foreshore and eventually found what he was looking for—a long, cigar-shaped mound of snow. He scraped away the side with his boot and came upon something hard.

It was an upturned rowing boat.

He went back to the chalets and found a wooden fence. After much kicking and wrenching he managed to free two palings. They were too wide and too thick and ice made them heavier still, but they would have to do. He used one of them as a shovel to dig away the snow from the boat.

The boat, a large cumbersome affair, was frozen to the ground. He had to lever it free, a little at a time, with one board, using the other as a wedge. He finally got it free. But he still had to turn the boat the right way up. It took all his strength and the aid of the two boards, but finally he righted it. His pulse banged in his ears. He nearly collapsed with exhaustion.

There was no sign of oars. The boat was a six-seater. How was he ever going to row it—even assuming he could manage to drag it as far as the water?

He groped around, looking for another boat. He found nothing. In a sudden, desperate rage he threw himself at the stern of the boat and pushed wildly. It scarcely moved.

It would be fatal to give way to panic. He must conserve his strength, use his wits to spare his muscles, and make every scrap of effort count.

If he tried to *drag* the boat, he would waste a lot of effort, for he would tend to pull the bow down into the snow. He must *push* it. When he got out beyond the drifts, where the snow was only ankle deep on the ice, he could tie his scarf to the mooring-ring in the bow and pull the boat behind him.

He tossed the boards into the boat and began pushing it towards the river. He advanced a foot to eighteen inches at a time. At first he thought he would never reach the river. But gradually fatigue, hunger, thirst and cold were forgotten.

He reached the open ice. He crouched down on the lee of the boat out of the wind and the driving snow, resting. When he got up again and tried to push, the keel was frozen to the ice. He had to wrench with all his might to free it. It was wasted effort—he must not rest any more until he reached the water.

He tried to tie his scarf to the mooring-ring, but his fingers were without feeling and for the life of him he could not tie a knot. He would have to continue pushing.

HALF-WAY across. . . . Sometimes for minutes at a time the lights of Ogdensburg were completely obscured by snow. Von Werra kept pushing. He dared not stop. Now and again he slipped and fell. But he got up and went on.

He was brought to a halt by pack-ice near the water's edge. How could he get the boat over the ice and into the river?

He pulled the boat back a few feet, then pushed it up on the pack-ice, using the two boards as runners under the keel. Again, using the boards alternately as runners, he managed to push the boat forward, a length at a time.

When he reached the open river, he tipped the boat three-parts of the way into the water, jumped in and pushed off against the ice with one of the boards.

The whole boat slid into the water, rocked violently and in his struggle to regain his balance the board slipped out of his numbed hand.

He sat down and picked up the remaining board, trying to use it as a paddle. But it was too long, too heavy and too clumsy. He could neither feel it nor grip it. It slid out of his hands into the water.

Rudderless, oarless, the boat floated away into the darkness, rocking and turning lazily round and round in the current. Now and again small ice-floes thudded against the sides.

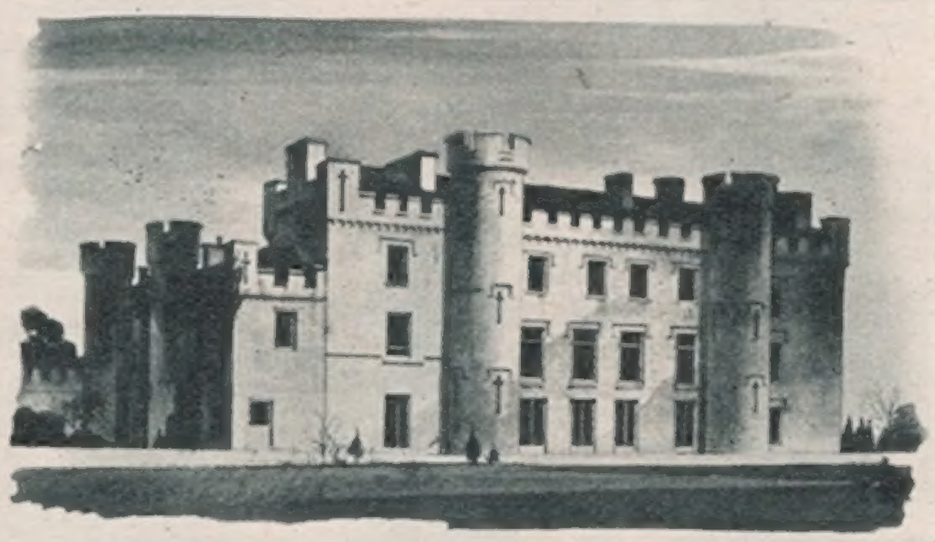
NEXT WEEK: Von Werra causes an international crisis

"The One That Got Away" is published as a book by Collins and Michael Joseph at 16s.

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER



Tam Dalyell played cards with the Devil. Once he won—and that made the Devil very angry . . .

GENERAL TAM DALYELL'S ghost, it is said, may often be seen, mounted on a white charger, riding across the ruined bridge over the Errack Burn and up the old road to The Binns, his house in West Lothian.

The General and the Devil used to play cards together, according to legend. The Devil always won—except once. He became so angry that he hurled the card table at the General's head. It missed him and fell into a pond.

Sure enough, in 1878 a table of carved marble was recovered from the mud of the pond where it had lain for two hundred years. Today it is preserved in the house.

Tam practically rebuilt the house, inherited from his father. One day the Devil threatened to blow it down. Tam answered that he would surround it with walls as a protection. The Devil said, "That will not avail you. I shall blow down your walls and your house."

To this the General retorted, "No, you won't. I will build me a turret at every corner to pin down my walls." And at every corner there is a turret which can serve no other purpose.

General Dalyell was a staunch Royalist, and when Charles I was executed, he vowed never to cut his hair or beard until the heir returned to the throne. At The Binns is the huge comb with which in exile he dressed his flowing beard which reached "almost to his girdle."

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, December 1, for early news of *Bullets* No. 2,065 result.)

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Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

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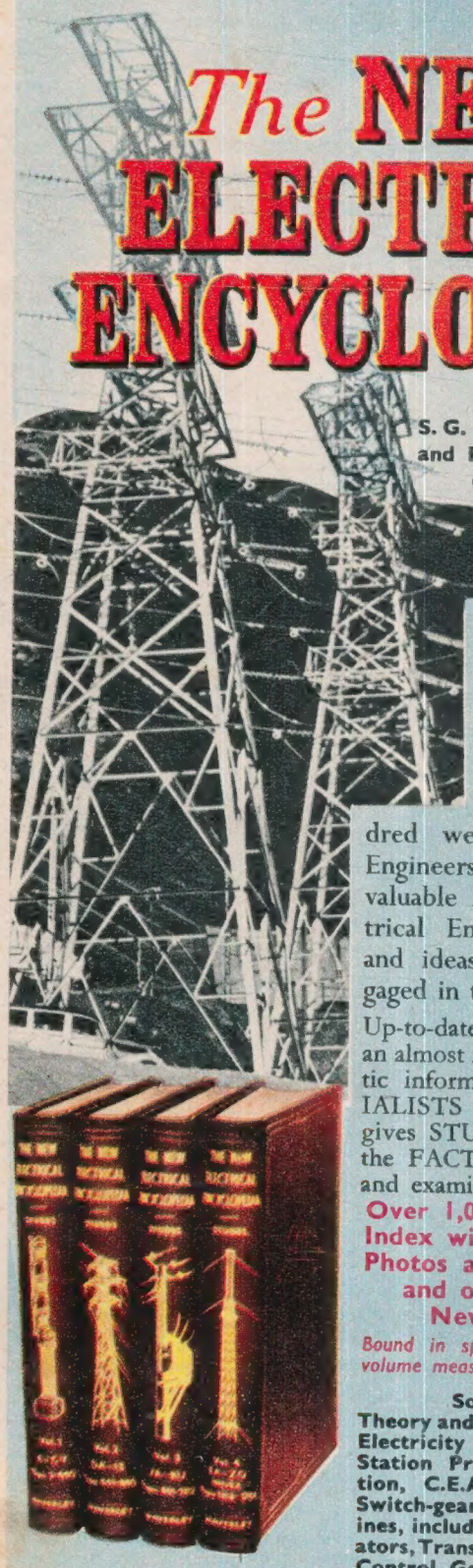

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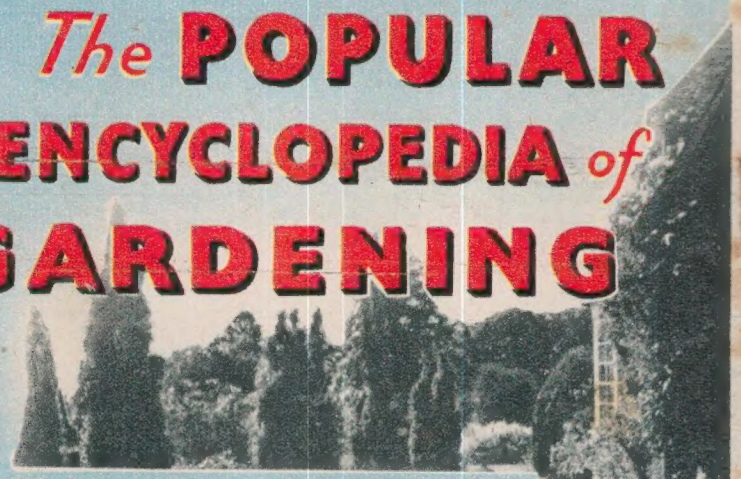

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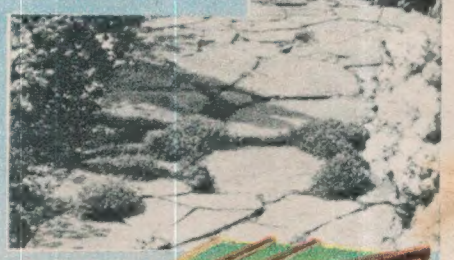

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